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"TRUE ART IS TO CONCEAL ART"

VOICE CULTURE and ELOCUTION

WM T. ROSS

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VOICE CULTURE

AND

ELOCUTION.

BY

WM. T. ROSS, A.M.

"True Art is to Conceal Art."

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NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION is a text-book combining in a practical form the following features:

1. Clear and concise statements and explanations of principles;

2. Explicit and full directions for exercise under the rules; and

3. A liberal supply of carefully selected sentences and paragraphs for study and practice.

The exercises in Calisthenics and in Gesture will be found ample for physical culture, and for the development of ease, grace and versatility in gesture.

The chapter on the Organs of Speech, with the accompanying illustrative cuts, may be made valuable as an auxiliary to the *mechanics* of elocution.

The pages devoted specially to Voice Culture contain many valuable hints and exercises for the development of clearness, quality, compass, volume, strength, resonancy, flexibility and control of voice, and will be found as valuable to the student of Singing as to the student of Elocution.

Articulation receives the attention its importance merits, and the exercises and directions are particularly full and explicit.

Under the head of Modulation and Expression, the arrangement of topics is made as logical as is possible with a subject that covers so much ground, and in

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which the subdivisions are so interdependent. The sentences and paragraphs designed for the exemplification of rules and principles have been selected as much for their literary worth, as for their adaptation to the purposes of illustration.

Though not a large collection, a marked feature of the book is the choice list of Selections for parlor and public recitals. Many of the pieces are new and of the highest order of merit.

While VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION is particularly adapted to the work in Schools of Elocution, and is specially arranged for use as a text-book in the Higher Schools and Colleges, its explicit directions make it equally valuable as a guide for self-instruction.

An important feature of the book is the progressive arrangement of its lessons, adapting it to the needs of pupils of different grades.

An Author's edition—published in 1886—was so favorably received by teachers of elocution and other educators, that a second edition was imperatively demanded. The present book is the result of a most careful revision of the former work, after the experience of actual use in the class-room, and is besides enlarged and otherwise improved. Among the new features will be found the following:

1. Plates illustrating the Organs of Speech;

2. Additional exercises and illustrative "cuts" in Voice Culture;

3. *Authority references* that will enable the student to learn the "context" of the passages quoted;

4. A list of the Emotions and Passions of the mind, with an appropriate sentence or paragraph for the exemplification of each;

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5. A more carefully edited list of Selections, comprising among their number several new and rare poems; and,

6. In addition to the full Table of Contents, a complete Index to the longer quotations, and to the selections for readings and recitations.

It has been the aim of the author to embody in this work the course of instruction which has resulted from an experience of more than twenty-five years in the profession,—a course that has stood the test of practical experiment.

To his early instructors—among them distinguished voice-culturists and teachers of elocution—the author would gratefully acknowledge his obligations.

In the hands of the intelligent student and the faithful teacher, it is confidently believed that this textbook will be a valuable aid toward the acquisition of the Art of Elocution.

Besides original copyrighted selections, permission for the use of certain extracts and selections has been kindly granted by the authors or publishers of the same. Among the latter are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., S. C. Griggs & Co., and the Baltimore Publishing Co.

To HIS PUPILS, and to *all others* interested in the noble Art of Expression, the author would beg leave to DEDICATE THIS VOLUME.

W. T. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1887.

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE very general adoption of "Voice Culture and Elocution" as a text-book, since the publication of the Revised Edition, has induced the author, in the hope of still further increasing its usefulness, to add in the present issue about thirty-eight pages more of such selections as are best adapted to the elocutionary work of the higher schools and colleges.

W. T. R.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1889.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE importance and utility of Elocution is so generally conceded, and so fully appreciated, that it is only necessary here to give a brief summary of its scope, and to mention a few of the uses to which it may be applied.

Elocution does not consist in mere imitation of the voice and manner of the teacher, nor in the learning to recite pieces as a parrot learns to talk.

Its province is to aid the pupil in acquiring ease, grace, and versatility in gesture.

To impart a knowledge of correct breathing, and the art of utilizing the breath in the proper production of tone.

To discipline and develop the voice in qualities, compass, strength, flexibility, and control.

To improve the articulation so that each element may have its correct and due amount of sound in the enunciation of words.

To communicate a practical knowledge of the principles and rules in modulation and expression.

And to teach the pupil the art of using the rules and exercises of elocution, *not* as the *end* and *aim* of the study, but as the *means* for the better expression of thought and emotion.

By such a course of instruction the *individuality* of the student is best preserved. This is a matter of the greatest importance—especially to one who has marked natural ability.

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The *true* province of elocution, therefore, is not to make a person *less*, but *more* natural.

The following are some of the benefits to be derived from the study, and the uses to which the art may be applied.

Elocution is a means for artistic and intellectual culture.

It is an accomplishment.

It improves the conversational powers.

To the possessor of the art, it is a solid satisfaction, and it enhances the enjoyment of society.

It is the best form of gymnastics—exercising in a salutary manner the most important functions of mind and body.

Through a proper direction of its breathing and vocal exercises, it is made an invaluable factor for the preservation and restoration of health.

It stimulates thought through the reflex influence which well-spoken words are known to have upon the mind of the speaker.

It aids in getting a higher appreciation of the beautiful and grand in literature.

It brings out the subtler meanings of language through the proper enunciation of the words.

It is one of the three essential branches of oratory, and necessary to the highest success in public speaking.

To all instructors, *needful;* to the teacher of reading, *indispensable.*

It is most essential to the study of drama, and important as a preparation for the actor's calling.

"There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-spoken word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred."

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ELOCUTION.

We must exclude everything from the definition of language, but actual *speaking*. * * * * It is only by the spoken word that the speaker breathes his own life into the souls of his hearers.
—*Wilhelm Von Humboldt.*

Delivery has the sole and supreme power in oratory.—*Cicero.*

ELOCUTION is the Art of expressing thought and feeling by means of Voice and Action.

VOICE is the result of air made audible, in its passage from the lungs, by the action of the vocal ligaments. It becomes Speech when individualized by the organs of resonance and articulation.

ACTION is *pantomime language*, appealing to the eye. It comprises all the physical means for communicating thought and feeling.

GESTURE is a term synonymous with Action, and is the one more commonly used. It embraces Position, Poise, and Movement.

THE VOICE QUALIFICATIONS essential to a good elocution, and which, if not already possessed by the student, must be acquired through the development and culture of the organs of speech, are,

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1. Fullness, Strength, Clearness, and Resonance.

2. Distinctness and Correctness of Articulation.

3. Perfect adaptation and control of voice through the variations in Pitch, Stress, Time, and the other elements of vocal expression.

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CALISTHENICS.

The wise, for cure, on exercise depend.—*Dryden.*

A FEW Calisthenic exercises should precede Gesture. They will contribute freedom and strength to the trunk and limbs. The following will be found ample for the purposes intended.

Each movement should be repeated five to twenty times, depending upon the difficulty of the exercise, and upon the strength and convenience of the pupil. Ten to twenty minutes, once or twice a day, may be profitably devoted to systematic physical exercises.

POSITION.—Weight of the body equally on both feet, heels together, and toes extending to the right and left at an angle of sixty degrees. Head erect, shoulders well back, and arms by the side—the military position. This is the attitude of *attention*, or "first position."

CHEST EXTENSION.—With the arms extended in front, palms together, throw the arms horizontally backward, then return to the front on the same line, keeping the elbows straight and the body erect. The movement should be made only at the shoulder-joints.

UPWARD CHEST EXTENSION.—From "first position," without bending the elbows, swing the arms from the sides upward, striking back of hands together directly over head; then, by reverse movement, return the arms to first position.

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These movements should be given slowly at first, increasing in rapidity and energy in the ratio of acquired strength and skill.

CIRCULAR MOVEMENT OF ARMS :—

1. Forward. From "first position," elbows straight, swing the arms forward, up in front, back close to the sides of the head and down behind to commencing position, describing with the hands, as near as possible, parallel circles.

The arms are allowed to rotate freely at the shoulder-joints.

2. Backward. Carry the arms back, up, around, and down in front,—the reverse of the preceding. It may be best to practice first with each arm separately, and then both together. Great care should be taken to keep the feet firmly in position, the knees straight and the body perfectly erect.

ARM AND BODY MOVEMENT COMBINED.—For commencing position extend the arms straight up each side of the head. Then, from this position, with elbows and knees kept straight, swing the arms down to the front, back, up, around and down again, at the same time bending the body forward, letting the bend be mostly at the hips.

If it can be done with ease, allow the extended fingers to touch the floor. The reverse movement brings the body to an erect position, while the arms are carried back, down, and up in front to commencing position.

Performed with energy, this is a most invigorating and economical practice, giving the pupil the greatest amount of exercise in the shortest possible time.

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BODY MOVEMENTS :—

1. Forward and backward. With hands on hips, knees and trunk straight, bend the body forward, then backward as far as possible. Repeat as often as desirable.

2. Sideward. With the same conditions as in the preceding, bend the body first to the right side, then to the left, and continue the required number of times.

3. Twisting the Trunk. With hands as before and feet kept firmly in position, twist the body to the right until the face is turned directly to the rear; then reverse the movement, twisting the body to the left in like manner.

4. With hands on hips, bend the body to the right, and then swing it around forward and to the left, back and around to the right, describing, with the head, as complete and large a circle as possible. The same movement is reversed. Three times each way is enough for one practice. The body is allowed to rotate freely at the hips, without bending the knees or moving the feet.

HEAD MOVEMENTS :—

1. Forward and backward. With hands on hips, body kept erect and firm, first bend the head forward, then back, and repeat.

2. Twisting. Turn the head to the right, bringing the chin over the shoulder, then to the left and repeat.

3. Sideward. Incline the head over the right shoulder, then over the left, and so continue.

4. Circular Movement of Head. Incline the head

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to the right, let it swing forward and around to the left, back and around to the right, allowing it to rotate freely, with muscles of the neck relaxed. Repeat but three or four times, then reverse the movement. If continued too long, this exercise may produce dizziness; but practiced in moderation, it is beneficial to the health, and encourages greater ease and freedom in the movements of the head in speech.

INSTEP FLEXION :—

1. With hands on hips, elbows well back, and body erect, rise on the toes with an elastic spring, and then return gently to the commencing position.

2. Raise the body to the "tiptoe position," as in the preceding exercise. Then, by bending the knees, lower the body to a "squatting" position, but keeping the trunk erect, heels off the floor, and hands on the hips. Return to erect tiptoe position, and continue the exercise without letting the heels touch the floor.

In this, as in all physical exercises, practice gently until strength and facility are acquired.

The following additional exercises for instep flexions may be practiced with some profit and no little amusement.

3. The Rocking Movement. Rise on toes and keep in tiptoe position. Advance right foot to front; then, with a springing movement, reverse the position of the feet, carrying the left foot to the front, and the right foot, at the same time, to the rear,—continuing the movement with a very elastic and light bound, allowing only the toes to touch the floor.

Another more complex exercise is the following:

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4. Alternate spreading and crossing of feet. From the tiptoe position, with a springing movement spread the feet to the right and left; then, with another spring, cross them (the right in front of the left); then spread them apart as before; and then, with another spring, cross the left in front of the right. Continue the movement with very light, elastic bounds, and always keeping on the toes.

WRIST AND ARM MOVEMENTS:—

1. With arms extended horizontally to the right and left, hands hanging loosely at the wrists, *shake the arms*, allowing the hands to dangle with perfect freedom as though they were lifeless appendages.

2. With elbows bent and pressed against the sides of the body, lower arm extending to the front and upward, the hands hanging loose at the wrists, shake the lower arm up and down, sideways and around.

These exercises give flexibility to the wrists—*a most essential condition in gesture.*

A good exercise for acquiring the difficult art of letting the arms hang loosely from the shoulders and just where the attraction of gravitation takes them (which is one of the most important positions of the arms at rest), is the following:

3. Let go the arms, allowing them to hang by the sides perfectly relaxed. Gently twist the body to the right, then to the left, and continue to increase the rapidity and strength of the movement, allowing the arms to swing or "flop" with perfect freedom.

"Taking the mind or will out of the arms, and concentrating it upon the movements of the body," will as-

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sist the pupil in accomplishing this, at first, difficult exercise.

All movements that aid in the partial or complete *natural relaxation and tension* of the muscles of the trunk and limbs, contribute largely to the requirements of Action in the expression of thought and feeling.

Perhaps one of the very best general exercises for the complete and partial relaxation or "decomposing" of the various muscles of the neck, trunk, and limbs, is what the author of this work calls, in his "CALISTHENIC EXERCISES" (a small manual published some time ago), "THE INDIAN DANCE."

The directions are as follows: Take "first position," rise on the toes, arms hanging loose by the sides, and muscles of the neck and trunk relaxed. With the weight of the body on the right toe, hop twice; then, with the weight on the left toe, hop in the same manner, and so on—alternately changing from one toe (foot) to the other.

Be sure to keep the muscles of the neck, trunk, and arms relaxed in the execution of this exercise, that it may result in a healthful and invigorating influence to the whole system.

The relaxation of the muscles of the neck and arms should be complete—the trunk and lower limbs but partial.

The student of Elocution will find that in all physical exercises, especially the Breathing, it will be necessary to *wear the clothing loose*, in order to practice the movements with comfort and profit.

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GESTURE.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.—*Shakespeare.*

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! *in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel!* in apprehension how like a god!—*Shakespeare.*

SINCE, in the evolution of human expression, Gesture preceded speech, and in speech, Voice preceded Articulation, so this natural order should be observed in the study of Elocution.

The study of gesture, and the practice of well-directed exercises for its encouragement and culture, is the first department of Expression to which the attention of the student should be called.

Anatomy teaches that the movements of man are, by nature, those of grace. The articulations of the bones, and the attachment and arrangement of the muscles, all show that "the human form divine" was fashioned to execute graceful curves — not angularities and straight lines. Artificial and awkward movements are *natural* to no one. *To be natural*, therefore, is to be *graceful.*

True gesture is largely the spontaneous outgrowth of the thought and feeling. "Nothing is more deplorable than a gesture without a motive." Hence, the student should not aim to acquire *gesture* so much as to acquire *flexibility* of the *muscles*, and *habits* of *ease* and *grace* of *movements.*

The more readily and correctly the physical nature

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responds to the mental and emotional, the more perfect becomes the physical expression of thought and feeling. In the following systematic and progressively arranged exercises for the cultivation and improvement of gesture, the conservation of this great law is kept steadily in viéw.

POSITION AND STEPS.

RIGHT FOOT POSITION.—Weight of body on the left foot, knee straight, and toe to the left oblique. The right foot at right angles to the heel of the left, heels two to four inches apart, and the right knee slightly bent.

The left hip should extend a very little to the backward oblique and the head slightly to the left.

The chest should be well to the front, which necessitates a forward curve in the small of the back. This position is favorable to abdominal breathing. Besides giving an easy, graceful, and restful position, the right foot is ready for an advance step without a change of the gravity of the body. "The supporting, is the standing foot,—the other, the acting."

From this position, practice the following changes:

1. SIMPLE POISE.—Make a change in poise, without shifting the feet, by swaying the hips slightly forward and a little to the right oblique, carrying the right hip obliquely to the front and bringing the weight of the body chiefly on the ball of the right foot. Return to first position.

2. ADVANCE POISE.—From first position advance the right foot six or eight inches to the right oblique, changing the poise as before, keeping the ball of left

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foot, which serves as a hinge, firmly in position and allowing the heel to rise. Then return to first position.

3. With nearly the same movement, carry the right foot directly to the front, and return to position.

LEFT FOOT POSITION.—Same relative position of the feet, with the *left* foot in advance. Practice the same changes from this as from the right foot position.

These changes in poise indicate approach or closer relations with the audience. They also break the monotony of attitude and give rest.

Combine with these exercises in Poise some of the "Calisthenic Gesturings" given further on.

STEPS FROM RIGHT FOOT POSITION :—

1. Step to the front, having the left foot follow, and take the same relative position to the right foot as before the step was made. Then return the left to first position, bringing back the right to its former place at right angles to heel of the left.

2. In the same way, step to the right oblique, and back.

3. Then directly to the right and back.

4. Next, to the right backward oblique, allowing the left foot to stop in front of the right as in left foot position.

5. Then make the step directly to the rear in the same way as in the last.

FROM LEFT FOOT POSITION, go through similar steps to the left.

TEMPORARY STEP.—From each position in each di-

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rection, practice what may be called the Temporary Step. In this step the foot that follows is carried only half the distance of the advance, the heel elevated, the inside ball of foot touching the floor, and the limb relaxed.

The return is made as in the permanent step.

The advance poise may also be practiced in all the directions given for the steps.

The combination of the right and left oblique steps is made as follows:

1. From Right Foot Position, step to the right oblique, keeping weight of body on the right foot; then step to the left oblique, allowing the weight to settle back on the right foot, which is at the rear of the left. Then, with the left foot thus freed, return with one long step to commencing position. Make advance steps short, not farther than you can reach with the toe of the advanced foot without changing position of the body. In the movements of the "torse" (body), *the hip leads*, whether in taking the poise or the step.

In the poises and temporary steps, the foot and limb that follow should be relaxed, the weight of the body being wholly upon the foot advanced.

In speech, steps are not usually taken to get somewhere, but to indicate direction. For such purposes, short steps are as good as long, and are made easier and with more grace.

For the application of the temporary and permanent steps in combination to the right and left oblique, practice the following sentence, giving the gestures as indicated. [See "Notation of Gesture," further on.]

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Cannon to *right* of them,
r.h.o.h.
Cannon to LEFT of them,
l.h.o.h.
Cannon in FRONT of them,
b.h.f.h.
Volleyed and thundered !

The "acting foot," which makes the first movement in the advance, falls on the accented syllable of the emphatic word in exact time with the completion of the gesture which it supplements. The "supporting foot" follows without any special significance in the expression, and is to the movement what the unaccented syllable is to the word.

Economy or the conservation of power is the great need in both physical and vocal expression. The best results with the least expenditure of energy should be made the chief object in all elocutionary exercise and study. The attainment of the easiest way, which is always the best way, may require long and intelligent practice.

POSITION OF ARMS AT REST :—

1. Arms at the Side. Let the arms fall to the sides, just where the attraction of gravity takes them. In this position, if the upper arm comes in contact with the body, the student may know that the muscles of the arm are not entirely relaxed.

This is the most important position of the *arms at rest*, and the one which they more easily depart from and return to in gesture.

To acquire this art of *letting go the arms and hands*, Calisthenic exercises 1, 2, and 3 [p. 7] should be practiced long and faithfully.

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Other positions of the arms at rest that may be taken occasionally, when admissible, are :

2. Left Hand on the Hip, elbow thrown well back, and right arm by the side, as in the above.

3. Right Hand on the Breast, with the fingers resting between the buttons of the coat or vest, the arm relaxed, and lying gracefully against the body, the left arm by the side.

4. For Ladies, instead of the last two, the hands may be lapped in front, or the arms lightly folded at waist. Either is an easy and graceful position.

5. Arms Folded over the Breast, is a good position of the "arms at rest," and may sometimes be employed as gesture with great significance.

The "Calisthenic Gesturings," systematized and arranged for practice some years ago, will be found very efficient for correcting angularities in gesture, and other faults in the movements of the arms.

They also contribute to the development of grace and versatility in gesture, and to the encouragement of spontaneity in physical expression.

That this system has proved superior to others, in the experience of the author and many of his pupils, is owing largely to its being founded upon the correct idea of the source of gesture, and of the true province and scope of the exercises for the attainment of the greatest flexibility and freedom of the muscular system.

It is not assumed that other exercises, having the same end in view, might not be given with profit to some; but to the student who has not *years* to devote to the

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study and practice of physical expression, the exercises given in this book will be found quite sufficient. A few things well done is generally better than many things half or poorly done.

Before commencing the exercises under Calisthenic Gesturings, Calisthenics proper should be practiced as an important, if not a necessary preparation.

Position and steps should also be mastered, so that well-balanced and graceful attitudes may be maintained, and ease and grace of movement acquired.

INITIAL MOVEMENT OF THE ARM :— Much importance is attached to this movement. It forms the commencement of almost every gesture made with the arms. It is the beginning of that graceful unfolding of the arm, which starts at the shoulder, passes successively to the elbow and to the wrist, and terminates at the finger-tips. *Perfect relaxation of the arm* is the first essential in the Initial Movement.

The movement is made thus: Raise the upper arm by carrying the elbow diagonally forward until it is almost horizontal with the shoulder—the fore-arm, hand, and fingers remaining relaxed. It will be noticed that the fore-arm swings toward the front of the body, and that the hand curves downward from the wrist.

From, or rather *through*, this Initial Movement, *without a pause*, the arm unfolds in whatever direction the gesture takes. It will be noticed that the wrist leads in the unfoldment of the gesture.

This unfolding from the shoulder to the finger-tips may be likened to the unwinding of a whip-lash, and the quick turn of the hands and fingers at the comple-

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tion of the movement, to the cracker at the end of the lash, giving the snap or accent to the gesture.

This flexible turn of the hand at the wrist is called the *ictus*, and is to the gesture what accent is to the word, or emphasis to the sentence. The almost universal law of gesture requires the termination or *ictus* to fall directly upon the accented syllable of the emphatic word.

If it falls but a moment either *before* or *after*, the force of the gesture is weakened or wholly destroyed.

To illustrate: Repeat the following climax sentence with the degree of earnestness required for its proper expression, and have the gestures fall *just before* the most emphatic words as marked (g) and note the effect:

I tell you, though (g) *you*, though the whole (g) WORLD, though an ANGEL from (g) HEAVEN, were to declare the truth of it, I (g) WOULD NOT believe it.

Give it next with the gestures terminating immediately *after* the emphases, as follows:

I tell you, though *you* (g), though the whole WORLD (g), though an ANGEL from HEAVEN (g), were to declare the truth of it, I WOULD NOT (g) believe it.

Now give it with the gestures falling, as they should, *exactly* upon the emphatic words, and mark the increased effect.

I tell you, though *you*, though the whole WORLD, though an ANGEL from HEAVEN, were to declare the truth of it, I WOULD NOT believe it.

The difference is not only *seen*, but *felt* by both speaker and hearer. But this law of concentration is so much a part of our being that, where there is har-

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mony between mind and body, there is no great danger of going wrong.

Physical and vocal culture are among the best means for attaining this intellectual harmony. They will develop in the speaker an aptness and a disposition to concentrate voice and action upon the most significant ideas.

INTELLECTUAL BASIS AND SCOPE OF GESTURE.

BASIS :—

1. Gestures that terminate *below* the horizontal line, are said to be gestures of the Will. Besides expressing determination and purpose, they are used to indicate inferiority.

2. Gestures terminating *on* the horizontal line, belong to the realm of the Intellect. They are usually employed in historic and geographic ideas, and in general allusions.

3. Those that terminate *above* the horizontal line may be regarded as gestures of the Imagination, since they usually imply an unfolding and lifting toward the ideal. They also denote superiority, freedom, greatness.

SCOPE :—

1. Gestures that terminate to the *front* are Direct and Individual. They are also used to indicate that which is near.

2. Those that terminate to the *oblique* (a direction half-way between the *front* and *sides*) are General in their scope, and are less definite and less emphatic than those made to the front.

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3. Gestures that terminate *at the sides* are inclusive—all-embracing; hence, express Universality.

4. To the *backward-oblique*, gestures express Past Time, or putting in the Past. They indicate remoteness and obscurity.

The above should be given a liberal interpretation. It may serve as a *general*, but not always a *special* guide in the study and application of gesture.

The exercises for practice are arranged under *four series* and *four directions*.

The Four Series are the Front, the Oblique, the Lateral (sides), and the Backward-oblique.

The Four Directions are the Descending, the Horizontal, the Ascending, and the Zenith.

By using the initials of the words representing the Series and Directions, we get the following convenient

NOTATION OF GESTURE:—

1. f., front; o., oblique; l., lateral; and b. o., backward-oblique.

2. d., descending; h., horizontal; a., ascending; and z., zenith.

From these we form the following combinations:

d. f., descending front.
h. f., horizontal "
a. f., ascending "
z., zenith (directly overhead).
d. o., descending oblique.
h. o., horizontal "
a. o., ascending "
d. l., descending lateral.

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h. l., horizontal lateral.
a. l., ascending "
d. b. o., descending backward-oblique.
h. b. o., horizontal " "
a. b. o., ascending " "

ADDITIONAL NOTATIONS :—

r. h., means right hand.
l. h., left hand.
b. h., both hands.
s., supine (palm of the hand up).
p., prone (" " " " down).
v., vertical (palm turned outward).
ind., index hand ; also, the half index hand.
cli., hand clinched.
cla., hands clasped.
cro., hands crossed on breast.
fol., " and arms folded.
rep., gesture repeated.
imp., impulse — gesture repeated from elbow or wrist.

Still others might be given, but the above will be found sufficient for marking exercises and selections for special drill.

It is not advisable to use these notations, nor any of the work in gesture, except as helps in discipline—*as means to ends.*

EXPLANATION OF DIRECTIONS :—To understand the Series, and the directions in which the gestures terminate, in the exercises given for practice, let the student imagine himself standing in the center of a square room

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about twice his height, and facing to the center of one side.

1. Front Series. Then, directly in front, where the floor meets the wall, is d. f.; half way up, h. f.; where the wall meets the ceiling, a. f.; and the center of the ceiling, z.

2. Oblique Series. The right and left lower corners of the room are d. o.; half way up in the corners, h. o.; the upper corners, a. o.; and overhead, z.

3. Lateral Series. Where the floor meets the sides of the room directly to the right and left is d. l.; half way up, or the center of the sides, h. l.; at the ceiling, a. l.; and overhead, as before, z.

4. Backward-oblique Series. The lower backward-oblique corners is d. b. o.; half way up in the corners, h. b. o.; the top corners, a. b. o.; while overhead always represents the zenith—z.

How to Practice :—Take right foot position. With arms at side and perfectly relaxed, carry the arm through the Initial movement, letting it unfold in the required direction, and terminating with a quick turn of the hand at the wrist, with the fingers well extended. Practice each series (commencing with the *front*) and in each direction—giving the descending first in the Series.

Go through each, first with the r. h., then with the l. h., then with b. h., and finally with the right, left, and both hands alternately.

In each, repeat three to five times.

The descending movements are made at about forty-five degrees below the horizontal line, and the ascending at the same angle above.

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Do not spread the fingers, but let them and the thumb retain their most natural position.

The movements to the zenith (z) will be found the most difficult to execute with grace. Give them thus:

Commencing with Initial Movement, carry the right hand through a double curve represented by an elongated S reversed, terminating directly overhead, and, as in the other movements, with a quick turn of the hand at the wrist.

The left hand is carried through a similar curve represented by an elongated S, but not reversed. Then give the same with both hands.

In the last, it will be found that the face is, as it were, inclosed in an oval frame by the upper half of each of the curves. This idea, though a little far-fetched, will, at least, serve as a help to get the required movement. These, as well as the other movements in Calisthenic Gesturings, are a little exaggerated *as gestures*, to counteract the too prevalent tendency toward straight lines.

In the "backward oblique Series," there are no "both hand" gestures.

Counting "one" for the right, "two" for the left, and "three" for both hands in the practice of exercises through the different directions will add precision, and will help to time the movements when several are practicing together.

Each "Series" in the arm movements can be combined with the steps, and all may be practiced in connection with music, as an excellent substitute for the more abrupt and angular movements of the ordinary calisthenic exercises.

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After a degree of proficiency is acquired in these exercises, the following sentences, that call for gestures in each of the different directions, may be practiced as a means for encouraging application and versatility.

RIGHT HAND SUPINE.

Terminate the gestures with the hand well opened, palm upward, the inner edge of the hand inclined a little downward, and with the fingers and thumb in their natural positions—neither pressed together nor spread apart. A partially closed or cramped hand weakens the gesture.

In the following examples, the words printed in *italics*, and not indicated with "notations of gesture," are to be gestured at the discretion of the pupil. When the notation of the "hand" is omitted, the supine (s.) is understood.

FRONT SERIES—r. h. f. :—

1. See the *prize* (d.) that lies before thee.
2. I *extend* (h.) to you the hand of *friendship.* (imp.)
3. The *noonday* (a) sun looked down, and saw—*not one.*
4. Give me *liberty,* (z.) or give me *death.*

OBLIQUE SERIES—r. h. o. :—

1. Be *firm* (d.) in the cause ;
2. trust none but *friends* (h.) ;
3. let your aims be *high* (a.) ;
4. and your watchword, *liberty.* (z.)

LATERAL SERIES—r. h. l. :—

1. I *acknowledge* (d.) the charge.

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2. Bring in *all* the evidence you desire ;
h.
3. let the light of *day* shine in upon my deeds ;
a.
4. for *heaven* knows I am *innocent* of crime.
z.

BACKWARD-OBLIQUE SERIES—r. h. b. o. :—

1. Let the dead *Past bury* its dead !
d.
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart *within*, and God o'erhead !

2. Free as the torrents are that leap our *rocks*, and
h.
plow our valleys, without asking leave.

3. *Look* on that narrow stream, a silver thread, *high* on
a. imp.
the mountain's side.

4. Honor the charge they made,
Honor the *Light Brigade*,
Noble six hundred !
z.

BOTH HANDS SUPINE.

FRONT SERIES—b. h. f. :—

1. *Speak*, mother, SPEAK ! *lift up* thy head.
d.

2. What was Cæsar, that *stood upon the bank* of that stream ? A *traitor*, bringing war and pestilence into the *heart* of that country.
h.

3. God *pity them !* God PITY them, *wherever* they
a.
may be.

4. *Awake*, ARISE ! or be forever fallen.
z.

OBLIQUE SERIES—b. h. o. :—

1. Shall *we* now contaminate our fingers with base
d.
bribes,

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2. And sell the *mighty space* of our large honors for
h.
so much trash as may be graspéd *thus?*

3. Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of *millions* yet to be.
a.

4. *Arm*, ARM! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar.
z

LATERAL SERIES—b. h. l. :—

1. I wash *my hands* of the *whole* affair.
d.

2. And is *this* all the *world* has gained by thee,
h.
(Thou first and last of fields!) king-making *victory?*

3. But *one* sun lights the day;
By night, *ten thousand* shine.
a.

4. *Rise*, fathers, RISE! 'tis ROME demands your help.
z.

RIGHT HAND PRONE.

The primary signification of the Prone Hand (palm down) is Superposition—one thing above another. But, in a broader sense, it is associated with Repressive Emotion and Undesirableness.

It is often used in the expression of sadness and grief, and sometimes in scorn. The latter, however, generally employs the Vertical Hand. The antithesis of the two hands, Supine and Prone, might be expressed as follows:

The Supine Hand *permits*, the Prone *rejects;* the Supine *impels*, the Prone *restrains;* the Supine is *open, frank, genial;* the Prone is *aversive, somber, evasive;* the Supine indicates *nearness;* the Prone, *distance.*

The Prone Hand is less frequently employed than

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the Supine; but, to facilitate its use, the same *series* in Calisthenic Gesturings should be practiced, and with due care as to the difference in the turn of the hand at the completion of the gesture. In the Supine Hand, the *ictus* is made with the turn of the fingers toward the back of the hand; in the Prone, the gesture terminates with the turn of the fingers toward the palm.

In the unfoldment of the arm, the movement begins with the upper arm, passes through the lower into the hand, and terminates at the fingers.

FRONT SERIES—r. h. p. f. :—

1. *Dust* thou art, and unto dust thou shalt *return*.
   d.
2. *Stay* thy impious hand!
   h.
3. Ye gods, *withhold* your wrath!
   a.

OBLIQUE SERIES—r. h. p. o. :—

1. It was this morning that the *sun rose bright* upon his hopes—it *sets* upon his *grave*.
   d. imp.
2. *Peace*, dreamer! thou hast done well.
   h.
3. The stars went *out*, and down the *mountain gorge*
   a.
the wind came *roaring*.

LATERAL SERIES—r. h. p. l. :—

1. The wind *died away* into a *perfect calm*.
   d.
2. And the death-angel flaps his broad wing *o'er the wave*.
   h.
3. So darkly glows yon *thunder-cloud*,
   ind.
   That *swathes*, as with a purple shroud,
   a.

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Benledi's distant *hill.*
ind.

BACKWARD-OBLIQUE SERIES—r. h. p. b. o. :—

1. But she,
With the *flash of a glance,* had shown to me
The wretch I *was,* and the *self* I still
d.
Might *strive* to be.

2. *Away!* slight man.
h.

3. His voice was heard amid the thunderings of Mount *Sinai.*
a.

BOTH HANDS PRONE.

FRONT SERIES—b. h. p. f. :—

1. I saw the *corse,* the *mangled* corse!
d.

2. On horror's head, horrors *accumulate!*
h.

3. And, having wound their loathsome track to the top of this huge, moldering monument of Rome, *hang* HISSING at the *nobler* man *below!*
a.

OBLIQUE SERIES—b. h. p. o. :—

1. Sons of *dust,* in *reverence* bow!
d.

2. The veil of night *came slowly down.*
h.

3. Hung be the heavens with *black!*
a.

LATERAL SERIES—b. h. p. l. :—

1. When a great and good man dies, the people are *overwhelmed* with grief.
d.

2. Sorrow mantles the *whole earth.*
h.

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3. Let the triple rainbow rest *o'er all the mountain*
a.
tops.

Besides the Supine and Prone Hands, there are the following :

THE VERTICAL HAND.

The signification of this Hand is partly embodied in the Prone ; but a close analysis of the two shows a difference.

The prone hand casts down, puts under. The vertical repels, puts away.

1. *Back,* BACK ! I say ! Face me not, villain.
v. h.
2. The face of the Lord is *against* them that do evil.
v. o. a.
3. AVAUNT ! and quit my sight !
v. l. h.
4. *Away,* AWAY ! and follow me not !
v. b. o. h.

BOTH HANDS VERTICAL.

To the *front,* denotes abhorrent repulsion or fear ; to the *oblique,* the same, but more general—the danger less imminent ; to the *sides,* expansion, disruption, dispersion.

The preparation for most of the *lateral* vertical hand gestures, is the crossing of the hands over the breast, with palms turned outward.

1. The gate is BURST ; a ruffian band
v. o. h.
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy *for exile's chain.*

2. Angels and ministers of grace, *defend us.*
v. o. a.

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3. BURSTS the wild storm of terror and dismay.
v. l. h.

THE INDEX HAND.

The Index Hand, as its name implies, *indicates.*

It not only points out and designates particular persons and objects, but, analogically, calls attention to particular ideas.

While the Open Hand is used to extend the idea, the Index Hand is used to limit it.

Compare the following:

1. Let us examine the *whole subject* before us.
b. h. o. h.

2. Now let us look more closely at *this* particular
ind.
point.

THE CLINCHED HAND.

The Clinched Hand is employed in very emphatic assertion, in fierce denunciation, and in vehement expression of the more violent passions of the mind.

If energy in gesture be regarded as consisting of three degrees, then "the Open Hand would express the first degree, the Index Hand the second, and the Clinched Hand the third degree."

1. Let us *do,* or DIE!
cli.

2. Thy THREATS, thy MERCIES I DEFY!
cli.

3. You blocks, you stones, you *worse* than *senseless*
cli. rep.
things!

BOTH HANDS CLINCHED intensifies the expression.

1. And I'll *taunt* you with my latest *breath,* and FIGHT
r. h. cli.
you till I DIE.
b. h. cli.

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2. I've had wrongs to stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make the infant's sinews *strong* as *steel.*
b. h. cli.

3. The strength of *brass* is in your toughened
b. h. cli.
sinews.

4. The compassion of an *assassin* who feels a mo-
r. h. cli.
mentary *shudder* as his weapon begins to cut.
b. h. cli.

Besides the foregoing, there are the following Hands that have special significations in the expression of thought and feeling.

HANDS CLASPED.

[Fingers interlaced and closed.]

The Clasped Hands is the language of distress.

The hands are employed thus in supplication, earnest entreaty, agony, and in despair. They are brought to the breast, carried up, down, out, or in any direction the emotion dictates or impels.

1. For *heaven's* sake, Hubert, let me not be *bound!*
cla. f. h.

2. O, my son *Absalom!* my son, my son *Absalom!*
cla. f. h. imp.
Would *God* I had died for thee, O, *Absalom,* my son,
cla. f. a. cla. f. h.
my *son!*
cla. f. d.

HANDS FOLDED.

In this the fingers of one hand are all placed between the thumb and fingers of the other, the thumb of the right hand crossing that of the left. This position of the hands is regarded as expressing humility and self-abasement, and is sometimes used in very earnest sacred address.

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The Folded Hands may also be used for the same purposes as the Clasped Hands.

WRINGING HANDS.

The wringing of the hands denotes the deepest despair. The movement is often accompanied by writhings of the body.

1. Nor *man* nor *God* will heed my *shrieks!* ALL'S LOST!

HANDS CROSSED ON BREAST.

This is not the folding of the arms, as given in the position of the Arms at Rest. The arms are crossed, with the hands placed flat on the breast. This position of the hands expresses humility, veneration, and sacred avowal. It is generally accompanied with a slight forward-bending of the body.

1. For us, and for our tragedy,
   Here stooping to your clemency,
   We beg your hearing patiently.
2. In thee, O Lord, *do I put my trust.*
3. I acknowledge *my transgressions.*

HANDS APPLIED.

In this, the palms are placed together in front of the breast, the extended thumb and fingers of one hand exactly covering the thumb and fingers of the other,—used in prayer and adoration. It is the position of the hands given by painters and sculptors to children in the attitude of prayer. Hence it is employed to denote the petitions of the innocent.

Under Significant Gestures, will be given other positions and uses of the hands.

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The gestures assigned to the right hand may also be executed with the left, but the right is always given the preference in single gestures.

The province of the left hand is, first, to designate persons or objects situated at the left of the speaker; second, to be employed alternately with the right, to denote opposite or contrasted ideas, persons, or things; and third, to be used with the right when both are required simultaneously. In regard to direction, the speaker should avoid "literal and mechanical exactness."

"The graces of gesture are simplicity, smoothness, and variety." These depend largely upon the flexibility and strength of the muscular system.

Strength is not incompatible with ease and grace, though many exercises of the heavier gymnastics are calculated to develop strength and hardness of muscle at the expense of flexibility.

"Rigidity of muscle and stiffness of the body destroy graceful action."

PREPARATION FOR THE GESTURE is often of more importance than the gesture itself. In grand and lofty ideas, the arms move slowly and take a wide sweep. If the thought be sharp and passionate, the movements of the arms are correspondingly straight and angular.

Carrying the hand gracefully and skillfully from one position to another in a series of gestures where each preceding gesture is the preparation for the one that follows, requires much careful practice before the highest excellence can be reached. Each should be appropriate to the particular idea it helps to express, and the passage from *one* into the *other* should be in a

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natural series, and made with as much significance, grace, and precision as the language will admit.

There is a peculiar gesture that may be used in some cases with marked effect, called the OPENING SHAKE. The arm and Index Hand to the front moves, at the elbow and wrist, up and down through a gradually lessening arc, but increasing in rapidity to the conclusion of the sentence, and closing with an abrupt and short stroke of the whole arm. The following sentence is a good example in the "opening shake."

Who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people, that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen?

"Gesture is that part of Elocution which appeals to the eye." Since it relates to Position and Poise, as well as to movement, the positions of the reader and speaker should always be in harmony with the character of the thought.

The movements in gesture should be characterized by *ease* and *grace*, and they should always be made in perfect accord with an untrammeled nature. Particular forms of gesture must not be regarded as absolute. As in modulation and emphasis, the exact method of expression may vary with different speakers, and with the different moods of the same speaker. The temperament, habits, and mannerisms of the individual may have much to do with the frequency or the infrequency of gesture. Those accustomed to gesture too much or shift the position too frequently should be restrained in their action until the fault is corrected. A good exercise for this is to recite with energy, but without

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moving the arms, or changing the position, selections that require considerable gesture. Those inclined to gesture too little should enter more fully into the spirit of the recitation, and both encourage and create dispositions toward increased action.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

In the following sentences, the student should use his own judgment as to what is right or best in the way of gesture. This will help to encourage and develop an intelligent and cultured *individuality* in physical expression, that no student of elocution can afford to ignore. These, and the other exercises in gesture, will help the diligent student to at least an approximate attainment of that high ideal in which *art becomes nature.* Nowhere is the old motto, "*ars celare artem,*" so applicable as in the department of physical expression. The attainment of "the art to conceal the art" is the consummation of all elocutionary practice.

1. Up with my banner on the wall,—
   The banquet board prepare;
   Throw wide the portals of my hall,
   And bring my armor there!

2. Then each at once his falchion drew,
   Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
   Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
   As what they ne'er might see again;
   Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
   In dubious strife they darkly closed.

3. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
   Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
   And none so poor to do him reverence.

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4. I will not do them wrong, I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

5. His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world,
This was a man.

6. They reeled, shook, staggered back,
Then turned and fled.

7. Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?

8. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

9. Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread high on the mountain side. Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin.

10. And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

11. As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

12. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

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13. Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!

14. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free!

15. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow!

16. One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door where the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.

17. Hence from my sight! Thou Satan, get behind me!
Go from my sight! I hate and I despise thee.

18. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

19. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.

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20. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped and died; —the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph.

21. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me!

22. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start;—the game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

23. Oh, visions of glory! How dazzling they seem!

24. Avert, O God! the wrath of thy indignation!

25. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered!
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Avoid too frequent gesturing. The temperament of the speaker, the spirit of the language, and the nature of the occasion must determine the degree of physical expression that would be appropriate.

Avoid too frequent repetitions of the *same* gesture.

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Do not mistake *grimace* for *facial expression.* Facial gymnastics may be practiced with profit to make flexible the muscles of the face, as exercises in calisthenics for the purpose of adding elasticity and grace to the movements of the body and limbs. But the *means* must not be mistaken for the object and end of the practice.

The features, as with all the other aids to physical expression, must be shaped from within—not from without. In true expression, they are prompted by the thought and feeling.

"The strong felt passion bolts into the face;
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace?"

The attainment of grace, versatility, appropriateness, and spontaneity in gesture should be the student's highest endeavor, as it is the crowning excellence in physical expression.

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SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

Without the hand, no eloquence.—*Cressolius.*

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain ; he bites his lip and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon ; in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.—*Shakespeare.*

ALL gestures are relatively significant, just as all thought is relatively emphatic. But what are understood as Significant Gestures are those actions, movements, or motions in physical expression that have a common origin and an almost universal meaning. They are an inheritance from the past,—a legacy we will surely bequeath to those who follow us. They comprise the "traditional stage business" on the theater of life, to be enacted by generations yet unborn.

Gesture, as already stated, is pantomime language—appealing to the eye. The more significant movements and attitudes in gesture constitute a universal language known and read by all.

The Egyptians symbolized language by a hand placed under a tongue.

A forcible or significant gesture often conveys a clearer idea of the thought thus expressed than the written or spoken word representing the thought. The infant, long before it knows the meaning of *words*, interprets the meaning of a *frown* or *smile*.

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Entire dramas were enacted by the ancients with the aid of pantomime alone. These pantomimists were understood, not only by the Romans, but by foreigners as well.

Roscius challenged Cicero that he could express the same idea in more ways by *gesture* than the great Roman orator could by *words*. No less true in oratory than in drama, is the homely saying, "Actions speak louder than words."

The following are a few of the most important gestures regarded as significant. Although they are given separately in the analysis below, they are generally used together in the expression of the particular thought or passion. Since they are almost self-explanatory, the simple enumeration and the brief explanations given will be found all that is necessary to a clear understanding of them.

THE HEAD.—Quintilian says, "As the head gives the crowning grace to the whole body, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery."

The poise of the head should be natural—not *held* erect nor *allowed* to droop. Its normal position in the attitude of grace is a slight inclination in the direction of the strong or supporting limb. Its movements are suited to the character of the thought and emotions, and are made in perfect harmony with the other physical expressions.

The head, to a slight degree, imitates the movements of the hands, and indicates the direction of the step. With a few exceptions, a motion of the head, unaccompanied by any other gesture, is considered ungraceful.

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Shame, Grief, and Humility are indicated by the hanging down of the head.

Arrogance and Pride, by its being thrown back and a little to one side.

Firmness and Courage, by holding it in an upright and firm position.

Affirmation and Permission, by the forward nod.

Negation and Dislike, by the shaking and tossing of the head back.

Languor and Diffidence are implied by the head being allowed to droop or incline to one side.

Dislike and Horror are indicated by the averted head.

In Attention, the head leans forward; in Listening, the ear is turned to the front.

THE EYES.—The eyes, with their adjuncts, the eyebrows and eyelids, are capable of the most subtle expression. Their power and significance are greater than all the other features combined.

"A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened 'oh!'
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning *from the speaking eyes.*
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there."

The orator and reader who fails to avail himself of the help which comes from the *look*, and the varied emotions which the eye may express, can never feel the electric thrill that vibrates between the speaker and hearer. Through the sense of sight, we seem to have the power of "touching each other at a distance." The eyes should be directed to the face of the audience.

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As a general thing, they precede a gesture, and return immediately to the hearer, that the emphasis by voice and action may be augmented by the look.

In reading, the eyes should leave the page as often and as long as possible without losing the place. They should be trained to gather at a glance the whole of each clause or phrase; and as often as it is safe, the reader should deliver the words looking at the audience. The best time to take the eyes from the book is near the close of a sentence. The period pause will enable the eyes of the reader to return to the page and catch the beginning of the next sentence.

The following are some of the most significant uses of the eyes.

In Prayer, the eyes are raised.

In Sorrow, they weep.

In Anger, they burn.

Scorn is expressed by the *averted* eyes when accompanied by the other facial means.

In Grief or Shame, they are cast down, turned away, or hidden.

Doubt and Fear cause the eyes to be cast in various directions.

In Meditation and Thought they are fixed on vacancy.

Dr. Austin, in his *Chironomia*, says: "As much of the mind is discovered by the countenance, and particularly through the windows of the eyes, so all men examine the countenance and look into the eyes of those from whom they have any expectations, or with whom they are to have any important intercourse or dealings. Nay, the very domestic

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animals learn thus to read the human countenance, and the dog is found to look for his surest and most intelligible instructions into his master's eyes."

THE ARMS AND THE HANDS.—The significance of the Arms and Hands is more marked, and their use of more frequent occurrence than that of all the other means for physical expression combined. Especially is this true in Oratory.

Besides the more general uses of the arms and hands heretofore given in the exercises for drill, the following are what elocutionists regard as especially significant in the expression of certain emotions:

Pain or distress is indicated by placing or pressing the hand upon the head.

Shame or Sorrow, upon the eyes.

Silence, upon the lips.

An Appeal to Conscience or a Declaration of Love, by placing the hand on the breast over the heart.

Deep Affliction and Mental or Physical Distress are expressed by both hands pressed in the same position.

In Joy, the hand is waved.

In Dislike and Contempt, flourished.

In Friendship, the arms are extended, and sometimes received.

The fingers of the right hand placed in the palm of the left denotes fixing a point—used in argument.

Carried from the lips outward means throwing a kiss. This movement also signifies a giving out or sending forth words in cordiality and candor.

THE BODY.—The Body, in its different attitudes and

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positions, expresses different emotions and conditions of the mind, and thus has its significance in the communication of thought.

Resolution and Courage hold the body erect.

Pride throws it back.

Condescension and Compassion take a stooping posture.

Reverence and Respect are denoted by a bending of the body.

Polite recognition, by bowing.

Great Humility and Abasement, by utter prostration.

THE LOWER LIMBS.—Obstinacy and Bravery are indicated by the firmness of the lower limbs.

Desire and Courage, by the attitude or act of advancing.

Timidity and Weakness, by the bended knee or unsteadiness of the limbs.

In Dislike and Fear, they shrink and retire.

In Terror, they start.

In Authority and Anger, they stamp.

In Submission and Prayer, they kneel.

Imitative Gestures may sometimes be employed with good effect in graphic description and in comic styles.

The foregoing exercises and instructions in Physical Expression comprise but a portion of this great department of Elocution ; but what are given are fundamental, and will be found more than ample for the limited time which the student of elocution generally deems practicable to devote to this branch of the subject.

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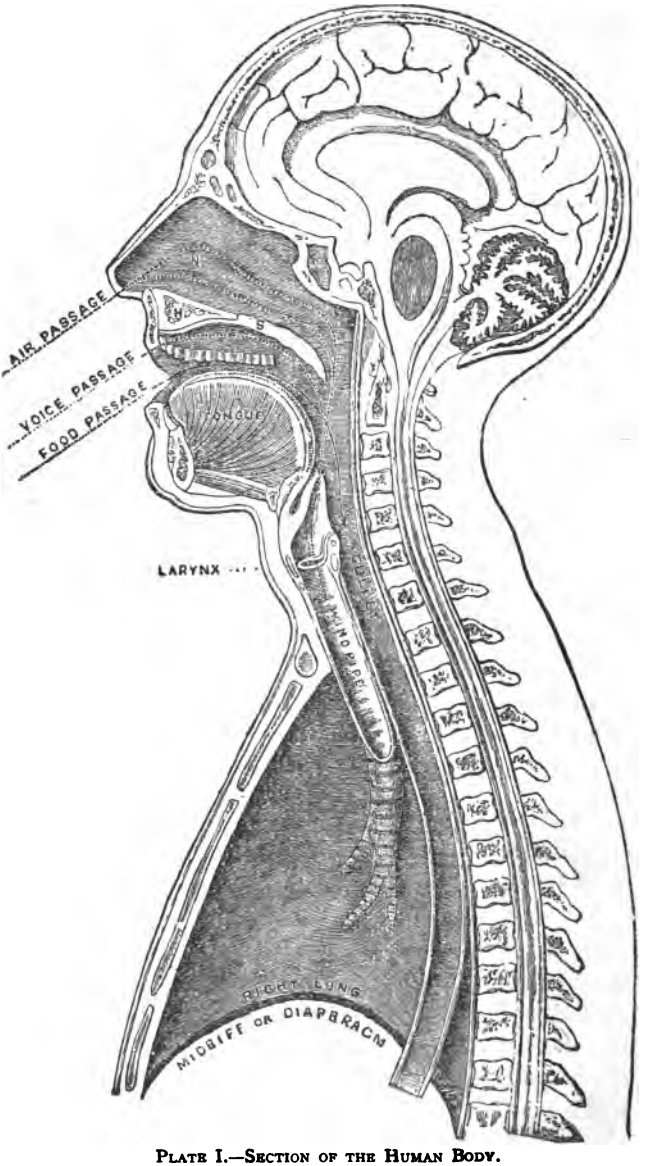

Plate I.—Section of the Human Body.
N, Nasal Passage. H, Hard Palate. S, Soft Palate.

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ORGANS OF SPEECH.

THE study of Elocution presumes some knowledge of the Organs of Speech. Certainly the cultivation and preservation of the voice cannot be so well and so surely effected *without* such a knowledge as they can *with* it. And for the correction of faults in breathing, in the production of tone, and in articulation, it is not only important, but *essential*, that a knowledge of the organs of speech be possessed by those who wish to correct such faults in themselves or in others.

The Organs of Speech comprise the Breathing Organs, which furnish and control the breath; the Vocal Organs, which convert the breath into tone, and which give to voice its various characteristics, such as fullness, resonancy, purity, and other qualities; and the Articulatory Organs that manufacture the tone and breath into articulate elements of speech.

THE BREATHING ORGANS.—Of the muscles and organs that furnish and control the breath, the following are the most important:

1. The Diaphragm, a muscle separating the abdominal from the lung cavity. It forms the floor of the chest and the roof of the abdominal cavity.

2. The Abdominal Muscles, extending across the abdomen and the waist in front.

3. The Costal and Intercostal Muscles (from *costa*, a rib), which are attached to the ribs, and in conjunction with the abdominal muscles and the diaphragm, aid in the elevation and depression of the short ribs. This

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movement is most noticeable in the panting of the tired horse.

4. The Pectoral Muscles, so called from their extending over the *pectus* or chest.

5. The Thorax, or the cavity containing the lungs.

6. The lungs, with their numerous air-cells and tubes all connected and terminating in two tubes—one from each lung, called

[Plates from I. to V. inclusive are from Brown & Bhenke's "Voice, Song, and Speech," London.

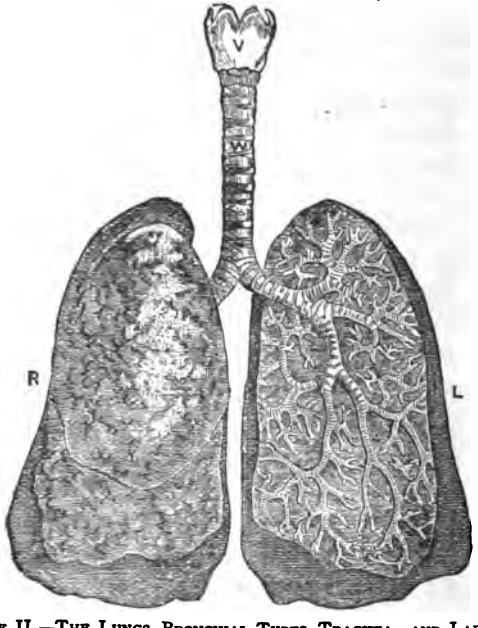

PLATE II.—THE LUNGS, BRONCHIAL TUBES, TRACHEA, AND LARYNX.

V, Larynx or "voice-box."
W, Trachea or windpipe, with its two branches, called *bronchi*.
R, Right Lung.
L, Left Lung, showing the divisions and ramifications of the left *bronchus*, with the subdivisions of the air tubes that terminate in small cavities or points, called "air-cells."

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7. The Bronchi, which also join, forming the large tube known as,

8. The Trachea or Windpipe.

THE VOCAL ORGANS.—The Vocal Organs comprise the Larynx or Voice Box, and the Resonance Chambers.

The Larynx is situated at the top of the trachea, and consists principally of the following parts:

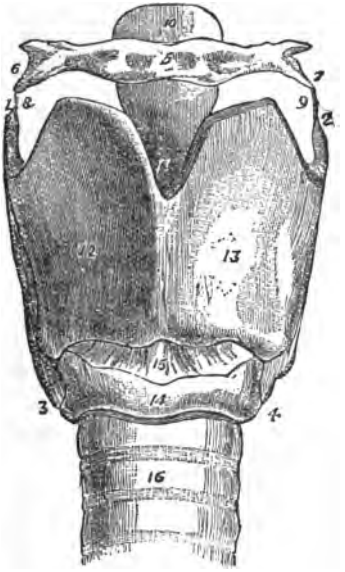

PLATE III.—FRONT VIEW OF THE LARYNX.

12, 13. Thyroid or "shield" cartilage.
14. Cricoid or "ring" cartilage.
10, 11. Epiglottis or "lid" of Glottis.
5. Hyoid or "tongue" Bone—(*os hyoides*).
16. Trachea, showing the cartilaginous rings of which it is composed.
1, 2. Upper Horns of the Thyroid Cartilage.
3, 4. Lower Horns of the Thyroid Cartilage.
6, 7. Horns of the Hyoid Bone.
15. Elastic Membrane or Band uniting the Thyroid with the Cricoid Cartilage.

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1. The Thyroid Cartilage, composed of two parts, called *alæ*, or wings, which are joined together in front, and form the prominence known as *Adam's Apple*. Below this and connecting it to the trachea is,

PLATE IV.—THE LARYNX SEEN FROM BEHIND.

1, 2. Cricoid Cartilage.
3, 4. Arytenoid Muscles.
5, 6. Posterior edges of the Thyroid Cartilage.
7, 8. Hyoid Bone.
9, 12, and 10, 13. "Buffer" and "Prop" Cartilages.
11, 14, 15. The Epiglottis.
16. Trachea.
17. "Cushion" of the Epiglottis.
18, 19. Posterior Crico-Arytenoid or "ring-pyramid" Muscles.
20, 21, and 22, 23. Constrictors of the "Vestibule" or entrance to the Larynx.

2. The Cricoid Cartilage, so called from its resembling a seal ring—the seal or large portion extending backward, forming the base of the larynx and the foundation for the attachment of,

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3. The Two Arytenoid or Pyramid Cartilages, which are movable upon their bases, and are employed in approximating or bringing together,

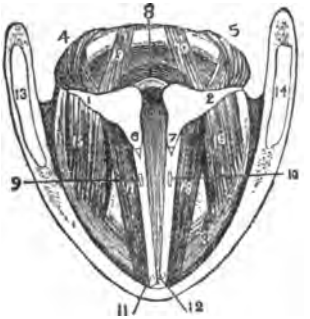

PLATE V.—VIEW OF A SECTION OF THE LARYNX FROM ABOVE.

1, 2. Muscular Processes of the Arytenoid Cartilages.
3, 3. "Ring" Cartilage.
4, 1, and 5, 2. Posterior Crico-Arytenoid or "back ring-pyramid" Muscles.
6, 7. Vocal "processes" of the "pyramid" Cartilages.
6, 11, and 7, 12. Vocal Ligaments or Bands.
8. Arytenoid Muscle.
9, 10. Elsberg's "Vocal Nodules."
13, 14. Thyroid Cartilage.
15, 16. Lateral Crico-Arytenoid or "side ring-pyramid" Muscles.
19 and 20. Crico-Arytenoid or "ring-pyramid" Bands.

4. The two vocal Ligaments, which are also called "vocal chords," but more properly, "vocal bands."

The Vocal Ligaments are thin, semicircular membranes, with straight, firm, elastic edges, that approach each other when tone is to be produced. The outer circular edges are attached to the inside of the larynx.

The anterior or front ends of their straight edges are fastened at a common point near the base of the Larynx; the posterior end of each is attached to the apex of an Arytenoid Cartilage.

By the movement of these "pyramid" cartilages upon

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their bases, the vocal bands are adjusted so as to form a small narrow opening through which the breath passes, and in passing causes the edges of the bands to vibrate. The vibrations produce tone or voice.

The *pitch* of the tone depends chiefly upon the *tension* of the bands; and the *loudness*, upon the *strength* of their vibrations; while the *fullness*, *resonancy* and *volume* of the voice depend upon the size and *passivity* of the resonance chambers, the freedom and elasticity of the vocal ligaments, and the pressure of the supporting air-column, and especially upon the "passive-activity" (a carelessly-careful condition) of all the parts employed in the production of tone.

5. The Glottis. Properly, this is the opening between the vocal bands, but the entrance to the larynx, and also to its entire cavity, is more commonly known by this name.

The *rim of the glottis* forms the upper border of the larynx, the entrance to which is guarded by,

6. The Epiglottis. This is a tongue-shaped cartilage that shuts upon the rim of the glottis whenever we swallow, thus closing the passage-way to the lungs and preventing strangulation. It is attached to a U-shaped bone (the *os hyoides*), to which the tongue is also joined. The hyoid is a "floating bone," not forming a part of the skeleton, and is chiefly employed in keeping the parts at the base of the tongue in place.

The ordinary condition of the Epiglottis is a position in which it rests against the base of the tongue, allowing free inhalation and exhalation of the air in its passage to and from the lungs through the glottis. It is like a trap-door held open by springs, that must be pulled upon to be closed.

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In the act of swallowing, it shuts from the front backward, allowing the food and saliva to pass safely over the top of the larynx into the œsophagus or "gullet." This act is also accompanied by an elevation of the *uvula* and soft palate, thus closing the entrance to the nasal passage and preventing food from passing in that direction.

Though a useful sentinel, keeping guard over the glottis, *in the production of tone* the Epiglottis is often a mischievous meddler. Any contraction of the muscles about the base of the tongue, or those of the jaw or neck, is apt to contract the muscles that control the action of the epiglottis, causing it *partially* to close the entrance of the larynx. This has the effect of producing the *throaty tone* so often heard in uncultivated voices. In fact, it is one of the most common faults in the production of tone. This contraction of the throat is commonly caused by nervousness, embarrassment, or undue excitement or haste on the part of the speaker. The *habit* of cramping the throat is often thus formed until it becomes a "second nature,"—very difficult to break up. Hence, an avoidance of any contraction about the throat is the first essential condition in the proper production of tone, either for speaking or singing.

The other vocal organs are,

The Resonance Chambers, comprising,

1. The Trachea, a hollow tube below the larynx;
2. The cavity within the larynx;
3. The Pharynx or back mouth;
4. The Mouth proper;
5. The Vestibule of the nose; and
6. The Nasal cavities.

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The walls that inclose all these variously shaped chambers have a delicate lining called the *mucous membrane*, the healthy condition of which has much to do with clearness and other qualities of voice.

It is within these several cavities that the tone produced by the vibration of the vocal bands is resounded, adding much to the various characteristics and qualities of the voice, such as fullness, volume, resonancy, etc.

The Resonance Chambers serve the same purpose to the vocal ligaments that the body of the violin does to the violin strings, or the tube of the clarionet to the tongue of that instrument. There would be but little loudness or character produced by the vibration of the violin strings detached from the instrument, whatever might be their tension or however great their agitation. It is owing to their position on the body of the violin, and the manner of their connection, that the attuned strings of that wonderful instrument are enabled to give forth the sweetest sounds that human mechanism can execute, sounds that almost vie with those produced by that still more wonderful instrument—that *divine* mechanism—*the human voice.*

ORGANS OF ARTICULATION.—See Plate I. The Articulatory organs are all situated above the larynx. They comprise,

1. The Hard Palate, or roof of the mouth ;
2. The Soft Palate, forming, with the Uvula, a pendent veil or curtain at the passage-way between the mouth and the pharynx ;
3. The Tongue ;
4. The Teeth ;
5. The Lips ; and
6. The walls of the Nose.

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These are the parts that manufacture, out of the tone and breath, articulate elements of speech.

Thus, for example, the element represented by *b* is made by obstructing the tone with the compressed lips; *m*, by diverting the sound thus formed into the nasal cavities; and *p*, by the sudden separation of the compressed lips, causing a percussive explosion of the breath. By a similar manipulation of tone and breath, with the tip of the tongue pressed against the upper gum of the front teeth, the articulate elements represented by *d*, *n*, and *t* are produced. So, with the back surface of the tongue brought in contact with the soft palate in the back part of the mouth, the elements symbolized by *g* (hard), *ng* (as in *ring*), and *k*, are articulated in like manner.

Other explanations of the action and uses of the organs of speech will be given under the respective heads of Breathing, Voice Culture, and Articulation.

Since the limitation of knowledge upon any subject of science is inversely to the amount of investigation and study given to the subject, it is to be hoped that the student of elocution will not confine his knowledge of the Anatomy of the organs of speech to the brief descriptions and explanations given in this manual, but that the little here given will induce him to study the subject as treated in the large anatomical books and charts, and also avail himself of the use of the laryngoscope, by means of which the vocal bands may be seen in action.

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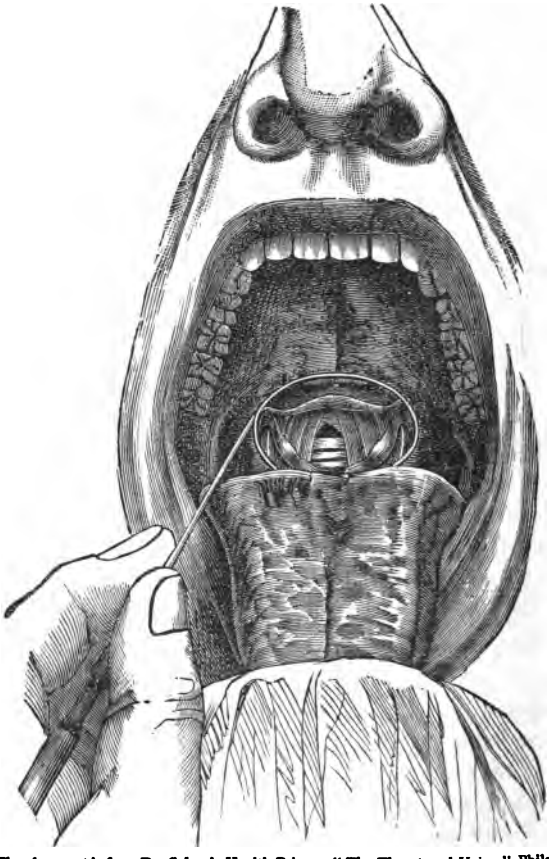

The above cut is from Dr. Cohen's Health Primer, "The Throat and Voice," Phila.

PLATE VI.—IMAGE OF VOCAL APPARATUS AS SEEN IN A MIRROR HELD FAR BACK IN THE MOUTH.

This represents an almost vertical view of some of the more important Vocal Organs. The picture in the mirror is not only inverted, but also reversed.

The *vocal bands* are separated as in the expiration of the breath, while between them are seen the three upper rings of the *windpipe*.

The tip of the *epiglottis* is shown near the upper edge of the mirror, and the "rim of the glottis" at the sides and below.

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BREATHING EXERCISES.

THE proper development and control of the Breathing Organs, and the correct use of the breath in the production of tone, are the first and most essential conditions to success in the study and practice of Elocution.

No substantial progress can be assured the student who does not give early and special attention to the exercises in Breathing.

Breath is the chief source of power. It is the "lumber-yard of the orator"—the rough material out of which speech is manufactured.

But it is not so much the *amount* of breath that is desirable, as the manner in which it is used. Here, economy is better than quantity. Nothing will so soon bankrupt a voice as prodigality of breath.

CALISTHENIC BREATHINGS.

Success in the control of breath depends largely upon the strength and flexibility of the muscles of the waist, particularly the abdominal muscles. What is known as Abdominal or Waist Breathing is regarded by the best voice culturists and physiologists as the only correct and normal method. The canary in its cage, the cat on the rug, the babe in the cradle, and the red-man in his native wilds, all teach us that the abdominal breathing is *nature's* method. If you are uncertain what this is, practice the following breathing ex-

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ercises, and notice what takes place at the waist in front: See cuts on page 60.

First, empty the lungs. Then slowly and continuously sip in the air between the partially compressed lips, until the lungs are well filled. You will observe an expansion or pressing forward at the waist. Then let out the breath through the compressed lips as slowly and gently as it was taken in. You will now notice the abdominal muscles relaxing and gradually giving way. This action is essential to correct breathing. The diaphragm or floor of the lung cavity is lowered during the process of the inhalation of the breath, and raised in the exhalation. The exercise given above may be practiced with great benefit in the following manner:

BLOWING AND SIPPING THE BREATH. — With the hands on the hips, elbows and shoulders well back, and fingers placed upon the abdominal muscles, first empty the lungs by blowing the air steadily and forcibly through a quill tooth-pick, or any other small tube, held tightly between the lips. Then *fill* the lungs by sipping the air in through the quill with as much force as you can. This is one of the very best exercises for strengthening the diaphragm and abdominal muscles. Avoid raising the shoulders while breathing; keep them well back and down.

FULL AND DEEP BREATHING.—With hands in the same position, first exhaust the lungs, pressing the fingers tightly upon the waist in front, and stooping forward a little; then, while straightening up, fill the lungs slowly, taking in the breath through the *nostrils*, until every air cell is filled. Retain the breath a short time, and as slowly exhale it. This may be repeated

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several times. While retaining the breath, it is a good practice to pat the chest, waist, and sides, by a quick and flexible stroke with the flat of the fingers. If any of the breathing exercises produce dizziness, stop and rest, and then try again.

THE SAME WITH AUDIBLE EXPULSION.—A good variation of the above exercise is to expel the breath audibly, allowing it to impinge on the walls of the throat, or, more particularly, on the rim of the glottis. Practice with different degrees of force.

DEEP BREATHING WHILE WALKING may be practiced with great profit in the following manner: With the hands resting on the muscles of the waist, expel the breath while walking, say, five steps; keep the lungs empty during another five; inflate them during five more, and retain the breath while walking another five steps; making one inhalation and one exhalation for every twenty steps. This exercise may be repeated several times daily.

Many other calisthenic breathing exercises might be given, but these will be found sufficient. Great importance is attached *to emptying the lungs first* in all of the foregoing exercises, that the waist muscles may take their proper action in the *inhalation.* Remember that the muscles at the waist *contract* in expelling the breath, and *expand* in taking it in.

The breathing organs may be compared to the old-fashioned fire-bellows. The windpipe is the nozzle, the chest, the body of the bellows, and the abdominal and other muscles of the waist, the handles. Now, in working the fire-bellows, you would not take hold of the *body*, but the *handles.* So the *human* bellows should

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be worked, not by the muscles of the upper chest, but by those of the waist—the handles.

If the habit of breathing through the nostrils be not already formed, establish it at once. Nothing is so detrimental to the throat and lungs as habitual breathing through the mouth. The nose is nature's filter. In it the atmosphere is warmed, and the dust and other impurities strained from the air in its passage to the lungs, thus preventing many throat and lung troubles. Professor Tyndall says that if he could leave the world a legacy, he would embody it in the words, "Keep your mouth shut." Catlin, the great English physiologist, says, "Shut your mouth and save your life." If you find that you sleep with your mouth open, practice closing it tightly upon retiring, and keep it closed as long as consciousness remains. This will soon break up one of the worst habits of which you can be guilty.

ELOCUTIONARY BREATHINGS.

In speech the breath is utilized in its passage *from* the lungs. However important the correct inhalation of the breath may be in elocution, its exhalation is of still greater concern, as quality and control of voice depend most largely upon the manner in which the breath is managed in its passage from the lungs. Particular attention should therefore be given to the following exercises. There are three ways of letting out the breath in speech—the *effusive*, the *expulsive*, and the *explosive*.

EFFUSIVE BREATHING.—Inflate the lungs as directed in the calisthenic breathing exercises. Then, with the hands on the hips and fingers pressing gently on the

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muscles of the waist at the sides in front, and with mouth well but gently opened, slowly let out the breath, as soft and as long as possible, making such sound as is heard in a seashell held to the ear. When this sound flows out smoothly, it shows that the student has full control of the breathing. But if the breath be rough or jerky, careful and continued practice will be necessary to correct the fault. Vary the exercise by intoning *o* on the notes of the musical scale, as soft, smooth, and long as possible. This is good practice for the development of *purity of tone.*

EXPULSIVE BREATHING.—Inflate the lungs, then by a forcible but steady contraction of the abdominal muscles, *shove* out the breath, giving the sound of the aspirate *h*. Practice this several times, but discontinue if it makes you dizzy. Vary the exercise by giving "who," in a forcible whisper (taking breath after each word), thus: *who, who, who.* Then whisper the first two, and voice the last thus: *who, who,* WHO. Next whisper the first and speak the last two thus: *who,* WHO, WHO. Lastly *speak* all three with the same action as that used in giving the whisper: WHO, WHO, WHO. Do not try to give the words in a pure tone of voice; let them be "breathy." It is not a vocal, but a breathing exercise.

Next give the long vowels *i* and *o* each several times, in a full, resonant, and affirmative tone.

As an application of Expulsive Breathing in speech, practice the following sentence with the same resonance and fullness of voice with which the vowels were given. "*Rise,* fathers, RISE! 'tis ROME demands your help."

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EXPLOSIVE BREATHING.—Take a full deep breath, and with a strong and sudden contraction of the abdominal muscles, give the aspirate *h* in an explosive whisper. Then in the same manner whisper the syllable *hoo* (*oo* short) thus: *hoo, hoo, hoo.* Vary this practice as with "Who" in the preceding exercise, thus: *hoo, hoo,* HOO; *hoo,* HOO, HOO; HOO, HOO, HOO. The following, given in a forcible whisper, is a good practice, and one of the best for strengthening the lungs: "How *far!* how *sad!*"—exhausting the lungs on *far* and *sad.* It is tiresome and should not be practiced long at a time. Then give the same words in a forcible *half* whisper, or aspirated tone. Next give the vowels, *a, e,* and *ow* with great force and abruptness. Then embody them in the following words, giving the words with the proper degree of force, and with the required expression, thus: "Thou *slave!* thou WRETCH! thou COWARD!"

The following cuts, true to life, illustrate correct breathing:

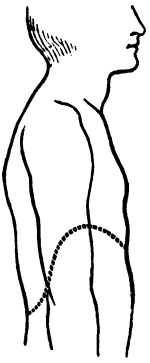

FIG. I.

FIG. I. Shows the position of the abdomen and the diaphragm when the breath is expelled.

FIG. II. Shows their position when the lungs are properly filled.

The dotted lines represent the positions of the diaphragm—the floor of the lung cavity. As shown, the upward bulge of the diaphragm is greater when the lungs are empty [FIG. I.], than when filled [FIG. II.]

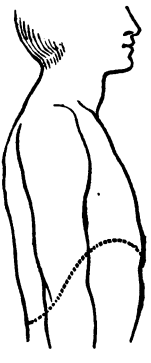

FIG. II.

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VOICE CULTURE.

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation.
* * * * * * * * *
Our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices.
Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.
—*W. W. Story.*

A GOOD voice is essential to good elocution. A poor voice may be made good, and a good voice still better, or even excellent, by proper culture. Were the possibilities of voice improvement adequately appreciated, more attention would be given to this department by students and teachers of elocution. Instead of being the most neglected branch, it would come to be the most important.

James E. Murdoch, teacher, author, and actor, says: "In an experience extending over forty years, I have been brought to the conviction that voice culture is what is most needed in the study of elocution." And it is the experience of every other teacher and student who has given the subject that close and careful attention which it deserves.

No substantial progress in the cultivation of the voice can be made, until a practical knowledge of the production of tone be acquired. This presumes a proper degree of strength, flexibility, and control of the muscles of the waist. What is known as the abdominal or diaphragmatic breathing is Nature's method for the inhalation and exhalation of the breath, and is the one

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in which the air-column is best sustained and controlled in its passage through the larynx.

The first and most essential requirement for the correct production of tone is *a condition of relaxation and freedom about the throat.* All effort must be transferred from the throat to the muscles of breathing. The controlling consciousness should be to speak *through* the throat and not *with* it. By doing so, the sound will then "lay hold of the throat," and *not the throat* hold of the sound, as is too often the case. The relaxation of the muscles about the throat—especially those of the jaw and epiglottis—will render impossible that "throaty voice," so disastrous to good speaking, and which is as painful to the hearer as it is hurtful to the speaker.

This, as well as most of the other faults in the production of tone, may be corrected, and a pure, resonant, and agreeable voice developed by an intelligent and patient practice in right methods.

While all the exercises given under articulation, modulation, and expression will be helpful for the culture and development of the voice, the following are specially adapted to that purpose, and will be found particularly beneficial for correcting the worst faults in the production of tone.

The suggestions and directions here given are as important to the student of *singing* as to the student of elocution, and the exercises which follow will be found as valuable to the one as to the other.

A short practice in full, deep breathing should precede each vocal exercise.

Since the use of certain terms cannot be avoided in

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the explanation of exercises in voice culture, it becomes necessary to define them here.

TIME relates to *duration*. Its elements are Quantity, Movement, and Pause.

QUANTITY relates to the duration of voice upon an element, syllable, or word.

MOVEMENT, to the degree of rapidity with which the words are uttered. It includes

PAUSE, which refers to the suspension of the voice between words, sentences, and paragraphs.

QUALITY relates to *kind of voice*. There are two kinds : Pure and impure.

In PURE quality, all the breath emitted in the production of tone is vocalized.

In IMPURE quality, the tone is more or less mixed with unvocalized breath.

Pure quality may be subdivided into,

1. SIMPLE PURE, used in cheerful conversation and in light styles of reading and speaking ; and,

2. OROTUND, a full, round, and resonant tone employed in expressing grand thoughts, deep feelings, and holy emotions,—such as sublimity, courage, veneration, reverence, and awe.

Impure quality comprises,

1. The ASPIRATE or WHISPER, in which there is little or no vocality. It is used to denote secrecy and caution, and is employed in horror and fear.

2. The PECTORAL or "CHEST TONE," which reverberates in the *larynx* and *trachea*. It is given on the lower notes of the voice, and is employed in solemnity and to denote the supernatural. Anger, scorn, and de-

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spair, in their milder forms, also employ this kind of voice. And,

3. The GUTTURAL quality, which is a very harsh and throaty tone. It is most significant in *revenge*, and is employed in intense anger, scorn, and rage.

Various combinations of the above are employed in mixed emotions, and are frequently designated by such names as *aspirated pectoral*, *asp. orotund*, *asp. guttural*, *pectoral orotund*, *etc.*, but their designation is generally more perplexing than useful, and their consideration should be relegated to the larger *treatises* on elocution.

PITCH relates to the degree of elevation or depression of the voice.

In music, it refers to the particular place in the scale on which tone is sounded.

In elocution, it relates to the general or prevailing pitch in speech. In voice, pitch depends upon the number of vibrations made by the vocal ligaments in their production of tone; the number, in a given time, increasing with the pitch,—*doubling* with each octave.

An OCTAVE comprises five whole and two half tones, and includes seven notes known by the syllables, *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *si*, and the repetition of the first (*do*), completing the octave.

PRODUCTION OF TONE.

PURE TONE.—1. Prolong *o* in the musical voice in as soft and pure a tone as possible. Commence on "C," or on any note in about the middle pitch, prolonging the sound with the same degree of loudness on each note within an easy compass of the voice, and at the same time intently listening to the tone produced, that

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you may detect any imperfection in its quality. This will educate the ear as well as the voice, an important matter, as that organ gives us the highest standard, and at the same time is the only practical guide as to quality, pitch, and movement. In this exercise, never force the voice into a higher or lower pitch than it can easily reach, and always keep the tone pure, smooth, and agreeable. Whenever the voice breaks into a rough, aspirated, throaty, or other disagreeable quality, stop at once; then let go the muscles of the throat, drop the jaw, let the tongue lie flat and perfectly relaxed, take a comfortable breath and begin again.

2. In a pure and resonant voice, give *ah* on the same notes as in the above exercise. Let each tone be preceded by a full breath taken in by the *expansion of the abdominal muscles*. Commence gently, gradually increase the sound to the middle, and as gradually diminish it to a delicate finish. Remember to control the voice by the muscles of breathing, and not with the throat, and have the increase and diminish of the tone equal.

In this practice, the student should aim to get a large and free opening of the throat. To do so, it is necessary that the tongue be relaxed, and trained to lie flat in the lower jaw. One of the best means to accomplish this is to *think the gape* while intoning the vowel or syllable, and at the same time be conscious of a proper *relaxation of all the parts about the throat.*

The gape depresses the base of the tongue and elevates the *uvula* and the *soft palate*, thus giving the widest passage possible from the mouth to the *pharynx* —or "back mouth." By *thinking the gape*, these results will be obtained to a sufficient degree without the *ex-*

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treme contraction of the parts necessary for the actual gape—conditions which would interfere with the production of pure tone.

Considerable practice may be required before the trick of "making the tongue lie down" can be properly performed, and still more before the tongue can be taught to *habitually* lie down. But the above exercises, if properly and faithfully practiced, will best aid the student of music and of elocution in the attainment of these desirable results.

In all exercises for the improvement of the voice, it should be the aim of the student to transfer the effort from the throat to the waist—from the organs of vocality to the organs of breathing. If possible, let him forget, at times, that he has a throat, thinking only of the correct action of the abdominal muscles and of the quality of the tone to be produced. The tone should always be pure and resonant, and the action of the waist-muscles gentle and yet firm, gradually increasing in their contraction with the demand for increased fullness and loudness.

3. Vary the foregoing exercises by shoving out the voice with energy on the first part of the sound, and letting it gradually diminish to a close. Observe the same conditions as to breathing, to relaxing the muscles of the throat and tongue, and to the "trick" of *thinking the gape* (not gaping), as in the preceding exercise. Then, instead of "*ah*," give the seven monophthong vowel sounds, in the order found in the Table of Elementary Sounds. Commence on middle "C," as in the exercises just given, and run to the "C" above, giving each succeeding vowel on a higher pitch, thus: *e*, *a*, *a* (as in air), *ah*, *aw*, *o*, *oo*, *e*. A repetition of "*e*"

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is necessary to complete the octave. Then run from middle "C" down to "G," as *e, a, a, ah*—and return on the other vowels (*aw, o, oo*), back to "C."

4. From "C" (or from any note about the middle pitch) *down*, chant on each note in a full and resonant voice, and with as distinct an articulation as possible, the following sentence:

HOW HOLLOW GROANS THE EARTH BENEATH MY TREAD!

The following is also a good sentence for similar practice:

HOW THE WILD WAVES ROLL!

5. From "C" *up*, chant the following two stanzas from the "Psalm of Life," giving the lines on successive notes in a very distinct and *recitative* manner:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

6. Tennyson's "Bugle Song" makes an interesting and profitable exercise when practiced in the following manner:

Give the first four lines of each stanza on the same notes and in the same way in which the first stanza of the "Psalm of Life" was given. Use only these words of the chorus—"Blow, bugle, blow!"—giving them as follows: Blow (G), bu (E) -gle (C), blow (G)—prolong-

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ing the "ow" on the slide down the octave to "G" below, and then back to "C," in one continuous sound and breath.

In the second stanza, the first few words should be given short (*staccato*), and the whole in a more or less subdued voice:

THE BUGLE SONG.

I.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

II.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

III.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

7. Exercises in the "*glottis stroke*" will be found the very best for developing *clearness*, *vivacity*, and *strength* of voice. Though the term "glottis stroke" be a misnomer, it is understood to mean that strong and abrupt action of the vocal ligaments, produced by the quick

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and sudden breaking through of the compressed air-column. It is this that gives to speaking and singing a sprightliness and sparkle that is best appreciated by contrasting it with its opposite—*the drawl.* Let the vocal exercises in the "glottis stroke" be preceded by a short and abrupt *whisper* of the syllable "*hu*"—"*u*," as in "*up.*" This breathing exercise is called "puffing the breath." Puff the syllable *hu* three times, then pause and replenish the lungs; again, three times, pause and replenish the lungs, and so continue. If dizziness ensues, rest awhile. Practice until the lungs can be replenished in the shortest possible time.

Then *vocalize* the same syllable in a clear, ringing, and abrupt tone, with the least expenditure of breath and with as short quantity as possible, on each note of the octave from "middle C" up, and then down to "G below,"—giving it "three times three," as follows: (Breathe) *hu, hu, hu,*—(breathe) *hu, hu, hu,*—(breathe) *hu, hu, hu—u—u—u,*—prolonging the tone on the last syllable in a full and resonant voice. Other syllables may be used as well as *hu.*

8. After practicing the above for some time, the following is a good variation.

Instead of giving the last syllable in the repetition in a continuous or a gradually diminishing tone, give it with three prolonged *impulses*—that is, in "the swell," using the syllable *ho,* (the long *ō shortened*), instead of *hu,* thus: *Ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho——O——o——O——o——O——o.*

It may be found necessary to take a short breath *just before* the last syllable. As in *all* the vocal exercises, *keep the throat free,* and control the voice by the action of the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles.

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9. "Projecting the tone" is an exercise that will help increase the penetrating and *carrying* capacity of the voice. It may be practiced as follows:

In giving the syllables in the "glottis stroke," as in the preceding exercises, aim at some object in the most distant part of a room or hall, and at a point on a level with the head, and imagine the tone being sent directly to the object aimed at, being sure to hit the mark every time.

10. Calling or hailing to some one at a distance in the open air, on a high pitch and in a free and pure tone, is also an excellent practice. For example, give the following "nautical hail" in as high a pitch and with as much force as can be maintained in a clear, untrammeled voice, taking a good breath just before the word ahoy, and holding the last syllable (hoy) as long and in as pure a tone as possible, thus: BOAT AHO-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

O-

O-

OY-

Y—

closing with an octave slide, as indicated.

11. For the development of *flexibility of voice*, the exercise given below will be found one of the best. Give the syllable *ah* in a full, pure, and resonant tone on the musical scale, running the voice in "circles," as follows:

Commence on a moderately low note—anywhere from "middle C" down to "G"—and *slide* the voice up to the second note and down again, and up and down several times, in a continuous tone. Then slide to the third

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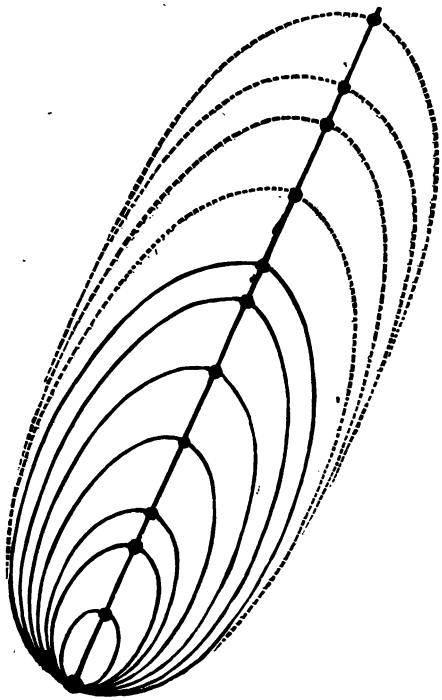
note up and around in the same way, and so on until the eighth note in the octave is reached.

A good variation is to sing the whole octave with one breath, running to each of the notes up and down *once*, in a continuous tone, until the eighth note is reached, and always keeping the key-note as the commencing and ending of each circle or double slide.

The following cut will assist the student in practicing the foregoing exercises. The added notes may be taken into the practice when the vocal compass of the student will permit doing so with safety.



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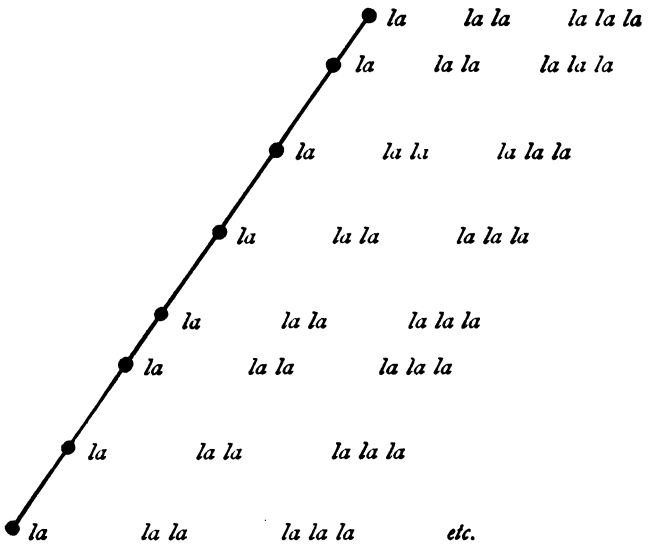
12. A good opening of the mouth, flexibility of the tongue and lips, and the correct manipulation of *all* the parts necessary for the formation of the elements of speech, are requirements so essential that their *lack* will forestall the progress of the student, however favorable to success the other conditions may be.

Good Tongue Exercises are the following:

First, protrude the tongue, endeavoring to touch the chin with its tip, and then draw it well back, as if trying to swallow it.

Next, slowly sweep the tip of the tongue (with pressure) up and back, over the roof of the mouth to the "soft palate." Stretching and rolling the tongue from side to side is also a good tongue practice.

For acquiring control of the "unruly member" in rapid movement, the following musical exercise will be found one of the best.



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Practice as follows: First, sing the syllable "*la*" very distinctly and with great precision on the notes of the octave, up and down the scale in moderate time.

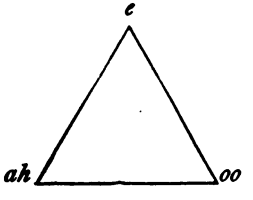
Next, give the syllable *twice* on each note in the *same time* as it was given *once*. Then *three* times, and so on to *six* or *seven* syllables to the note, or, as often and as fast as the tongue can give the syllable "*la*" separately and with distinct succession in a given time.

Other syllables may be practiced in the same way.

13. The first essential to good reading and speaking, is to be *heard* and *understood*. This presumes a free exit of the voice, the proper formation of the elements, and a correct combination of them into syllables and words.

The vowel exercise given in the triangle below is an excellent practice for the manipulation of the mouth and lips. It is better than any artificial means, such as the prop or "gag," to get a good opening of the mouth.

With a little exaggeration, the three vocals in the triangle are made to represent the three extreme positions of the mouth and lips; "*e*," with the corners of the mouth drawn well back (as in laughter); "*ah*," with the mouth thrown wide open and the lips drawn over the teeth; and "*oo*," with the lips thrown well forward —protruded as much as possible. Practice as follows:



Give the vowels *twice* in each direction and in the different series, thus: 1st, *e, ah, oo, e, ah, oo; e, oo, ah, e, oo, ah.* 2d, *ah, e, oo, ah, e, oo; ah, oo, e, ah, oo, e.* 3d, *oo, e, ah, oo, e, ah; oo, ah, e, oo, ah, e.* Give the extreme positions of the mouth and lips, as directed above. Practice slowly at

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first, and increase the rapidity from day to day as you increase in skill.

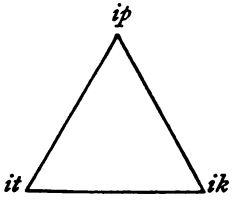
For a rapid manipulation of the "buccal" apparatus, the following arrangement of vowels will be found excellent. Repeat the elements or syllables from left to right, as arranged in the table below, with accuracy and precision. Give them slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, and always emphasizing the last vowel in each line.

e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	E
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	A
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	A [as in *air*]
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	AH
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	AW
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	O
e	ah	oo	ah	ĭ	ĕ	OO

14. The "*p*," "*t*" and "*k*" represent very important manipulations of the *tongue* and *lips*.

Give the syllables as arranged in the second triangle in the same order as the vowel elements in the preceding triangle. Be careful to get the percussive force or *snap* that belongs to these aspirate elements. They should be given with the utmost force without the waste of breath. A good test is to hold the hand at arms-length in front of the face, and then give these elements with the required force, without feeling a current of air strike the hand.

After a little practice, drop the short vocal "*i*," giving the aspirates alone. From time to time increase the rapidity when you can do so with the same degree of accuracy as when practicing them more slowly.



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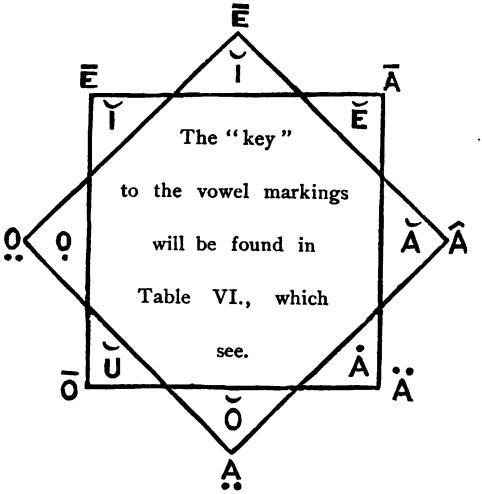
The *p*, *t*, and *k*, more than any of the other elements, are the vehicles of *contempt* and *hate*. When given with great force and precision in certain words that frequently occur in impassioned utterance, they become a mighty power in expression. The following sentences, given with energy, and with the proper emotions, may serve as illustrations, and also be used as examples for practice.

1. BACK to thy *punishment*, false fugitive!

2. Go from my *sight!* I HATE and DESPISE thee!

3. Do not *hate*, do not *despise!* But *pity*, O PITY me!

15. The following makes a good blackboard exercise for a class. The vocals are arranged in their phonetic order, as found in the Chart of Elementary Sounds, Table I.



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Commence with "ē," pass to "ā," and so on down, and around to the starting-point.

Practicė slowly at first, then with greater rapidity, but with the same degree of accuracy and distinctness on each element.

The long vowels should be practiced first, then the corresponding short vowels in the same order. Since "ẽ" (as in *fern*) has no corresponding long vocal, it is omitted from the diagram below.

Proper attention should be given to the position of the mouth and lips in each of the vowel elements. As a practice, it will be well to *exaggerate* the oral openings and positions of the lips for each of the vowels.

In ē, the corners of the mouth should be drawn well back, and the teeth separated about half an inch.

In ā, retain the same position of the lips, and separate the teeth to about three-quarters of an inch.

In â, the same as in the preceding, except a very slight increase in the separation of the teeth.

In ä, the mouth is thrown wide open, and the lips drawn well back.

In a̤, the same, with the lips thrown forward.

In ō, the lips are thrown further forward, and the aperture made smaller.

In o̤, the lips are still further protruded, and the labial opening made smaller than in ō.

The mouth and lips are *about* the same in the *short vocals* as in the corresponding *long* vocals.

There are changes less easily described that take place within the oral cavity, which have a greater or less influence in the formation of the elements, but since their consideration hardly comes within the

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province of a text-book, the attempt at an explanation of these changes is properly omitted.

A practical knowledge of the different qualities of tone and the skill of modulating the voice so as to meet the varied requirements in the expression of thought and feeling, is an art that cannot be successfully imparted by means of type and cut alone. In these particulars, the *text-book* must be supplemented by *the voice of the teacher* to insure the best results. However, the student will find great profit in the faithful practice of the foregoing exercises, which comprise a portion of the system of voice culture used by the author—a system containing the best results of a long experience and careful study.

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ARTICULATION.

Raftered by firm-laid *consonants*, windowed by opening *vowels*,
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air.

* * * * * * * * * *

Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our words.
Virgin and clear is their edge, like granite blocks chiseled by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious verse.

—*W. W. Story.*

ARTICULATION includes exercises upon the Elementary Sounds, separately or in combination, and embraces analysis, syllabication, accent, and pronunciation.

A good articulation consists in giving to each element its due amount of sound, so that the syllables and words will "drop from the lips like newly-made coin from the mint, accurately impressed, perfectly finished, correct in value and of the proper weight." The exercises under this department of elocution are especially intended for the *development and culture of the organs of articulation.* There is no better or surer way for improving the articulation, than that of exercising the voice and articulatory organs on the elements of speech singly and in their easy and difficult combinations.

Next to a good voice, a distinct and correct enunciation is the essential qualification in a reader or speaker. No person, however eloquent, can be fully appreciated unless he is distinctly heard and well understood.

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Although the exercises in articulation may seem tedious, no student of elocution can afford to slight them. Properly and persistently practiced, they will not only correct faults, and even *impediments*, in speech, but will make a good articulation better, and a better *excellent*. Exercises upon the elements of the language, in analysis, in the formation of syllables, and in pronunciation, may be called the "*dead-work*" of elocution, but it is just as necessary to be done as the *dead-work* in mining, in order to reach the golden ore-vein of success that lies beneath. No other department of elocution so fully verifies the oft-quoted proverb, that there is no excellence without great labor.

An *exact* classification of the elements composing syllables and words is impossible. The formation of the elements proceeds in a more or less regular series from the most open vocal sound as heard in *ah* to the closest aspirates or mutes, represented by *p*, *t*, and *k*.

For purposes of instruction and practice, the following classifications are sufficiently accurate.

The first division of the elementary sounds of the English language is as follows:

1. VOCALS, which consist of *pure tone;*
2. SUB-VOCALS, consisting of *tone* and *breath* united;
3. ASPIRATES, composed of *breath* only.

These may be termed the three links in the *Odd Fellowship* of *speech*, the sub-vocals uniting the two extremes, vocals and aspirates. This is the natural division of the elements, and is common to all languages.

The Vocals are subdivided as follows:

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1. Long Monophthongs, in which each has the same sound from its commencement to its close;

2. Diphthongs, or Double Vowels, formed, as the name indicates, by the combination of two monophthongs;

3. Short vocals, differing from the monophthongs only in duration.

The sub-vocals are divided into,

1. Correlatives, because each terminates with a light sound of its cognate aspirate;

2. Nasals, so called from the sound being made resonant in the nose;

3. Liquids, because of their flowing sound, are specially dependent upon the tongue, and are the most vocal of the consonants; and,

4. Coalescents, so designated from the perfect manner of their combining with the vowels which they always precede.

The Aspirates are naturally brought under the two significant classes of,

1. Explodents, which are made by a percussive action of the breath; and,

2. Continuants, from their having the quality of continuance or prolongation.

The vocals are *formative*, the sub-vocals and aspirates *articulative* elements. The formation of the different vocals depends chiefly upon the size and shape of the tube through which the tone passes.

Thus, the changes in the mouth parts from *e* to *ah*, and *ah* to *oo*, give, successively, the long monophthongs in the order found in the table of Elementary Sounds.

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The sub-vocals and aspirates are made by different junctures of the organs of articulation which obstruct or modify the tone and breath.

The following arrangement of the elements will be found the most convenient for practice, whether the vocals be given singly, or in combination with the sub-vocals and the aspirates :

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

TABLE I.

VOCALS.

Long Monophthongs.—

1. **e**, as in eve, each, e'en, brief, seem.
2. **a**, " age, ate, make, wave, play.
3. **a**, " air, dare, wear, lair, stare.
4. **a**, " arm, palm, far, father, half.
5. **aw**, " awl, law, ball, straw, fall.
6. **o**, " ore, own, home, mold, no.
7. **oo**, " ooze, whom, root, woo, soon.

Diphthongs.—

8. **i**, as in ire, file, time, life, shine.
9. **oi** (oy), " oil, oyster, toil, boy, voice.
10. **ou** (ow), " our, owl, flour, mouse, out.
11. **u**, " (y)use, assume, flue, lute, Tuesday.

Short Vocals.—

12. **i**, as in it, bin, fix, miff, quick.
13. **e**, " ebb, met, peck, left, fed.
14. **e**, " earth, earn, were, fern, herd.
15. **a**, " at, rap, cab, lad, back.
16. **a**, " ask, pass, fast, dance, grass.
17. **o**, " odd, job, yonder, rock, cross.
18. **u**, " up, rough, sum, muff, hut.
19. **oo**, " hoop, wolf, shook, hood, foot.

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SUB-VOCALS.

Correlatives.—

20. **b,** as in barb, curb, bulb, web, sob.
21. **d,** " deed, dude, made, goad, bade.
22. **g,** " gag, rug, lag, give, gage.
23. **j** (dzh), " judge, jet, jam, cage, siege.
24. **v,** " valve, vim, vale, live, wave.
25. **th,** " thither, thine, breathe, scythe.
26. **z,** " zone, zigzag, whizz, maze, size.
27. **zh,** " azure, treasure, lēisure, vision, usual

Nasals.—

28. **m,** as in maim, me, come, room, home.
29. **n,** " nine, now, never, lane, on.
30. **ng,** " ring, bang, ding-dong, tongue.

Liquids.—

31. **l,** as in lull, shall, lily, toll, bell.
32. **r** (rough), " run, roll, drum, trill, roar.
33. **r** (smooth), " war, car, clear, fair, were.

Coalescents.—

34. **w,** as in we, wire, wait, was, won.
35. **y,** " yew, yawl, your, yellow, yes.

ASPIRATES.

Explodents.—

36. **p,** as in peep, putty, spite, spurn, stop.
37. **t,** " tight, hat, teeth, hate, tear.
38. **k,** " kick, whack, kite, luck, wreck.
39. **ch** (tsh), " church, charm, fetch, touch, wretch

Continuants.—

40. **f,** as in fife, cough, staff, leaf, life.
41. **th,** " thick, thumb, thirst, mouth, breath.
42. **s,** " sense, pass, miss, seem, hiss.
43. **sh,** " shame, pshaw, lash, bush, hush.

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44. **h,** as in hence, hie, ho, howl, here.
45. **wh** (hw), " which, why, when, where.

The *Diphthongs* are each formed by the union of a short and long *monophthong* element as follows:

8. (i), by the union of 16 and 1.
9. (oi), " " 17 " 1.
10. (ou), " " 16 " 7.
11. (u), " " 12 " 7.

It will be noticed that the first element in each combination is abrupt and short, and that the last is long and obscure.

COMBINATIONS OF THE ELEMENTS.

In the practice of Tables II. and IV., following,—

1. Prolong the long monophthongs and the diphthong vocals in the combinations, in a *full, smooth,* and *musical voice,*—first in the "monotone" and then in the "swell," and each in three degrees of pitch—the middle, high, and low. Practice first *down* the columns and then *across.*

The prolongation of the vowel in the monotone may be indicated thus: Be-e-e-e-e, ba-a-a-a-a, etc.; and in the swell thus:

Be—E—e, ba—A—a, etc.

The short vocal combinations must be given in the speaking voice, with a clear and percussive action on the vocal elements.

2. Give the same combinations of the long vocals with the sub-vocals in the *speaking* voice in a full, resonant, and affirmative tone—running the voice down to the lowest note of its compass. Pronounce the syllables in a free and natural manner, such as would

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be used in an earnest but dignified reply to an unwelcome question.

3. Then give the syllables alternately in the rising and falling slides, as in asking and answering a question, in a very earnest manner, letting the voice slide from nearly the lowest to the *highest* pitch of its compass in the question, and from nearly the highest to the *lowest* in the answer. In order to be sure of the right inflection, it may be necessary for some to give the syllables first in connection with such words as "did you say" and "no, I said," thus: *Did you say* BE? *No,* I said BA.

After sufficient practice, drop the "Did you say," and "Yes, I said," giving the syllables above in the same manner as when using the words.

The exercise may be varied by giving both inflections continuously on the same syllable.

4. An excellent practice involving many of the elements of vocal expression, such as pitch, force, stress, climax, transition, inflection, etc., is the following:

Commence on a low pitch and in subdued force, and give each syllable with the falling slide, increasing the pitch and force to "boo," and hold this on the slide into a low pitch; then, after a marked pause, give the last four combinations in the monotone, in long quantity, in a lower pitch and on the descending scale, making the cadence-slide on the syllable "bu," thus:

boo
bo
baw
ba bi
ba boi
ba bow
be bu

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The interest and profit of the above exercise may be much enhanced by giving the syllables forming the *climax series* with *increasing* earnestness and rapidity and then adding an expression of solemnity to the syllables given in the monotone.

5. In combining the sub-vocals and aspirates with the short vocals, give the latter with percussive force in a clear and ringing sound.

In the practice of Tables III. and V. bring out the sub-vocals and aspirates very distinctly.

A good practice, but a difficult exercise, is to give the sub-vocals, in the combinations, with both the rising and the falling slides.

All the tables of combinations should be practiced until thoroughly mastered.

It must be remembered that the least expenditure of breath necessary to produce the required energy and loudness always gives the best results. This is particularly true in the short vocal combinations. Waste of breath renders the tone impure.

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TABLE II.—*Combination of the Sub-Vocals with the Vocals*

	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	31	32	34	35
[KEY.]	b	d	g	j	v	th	z	zh	m	n	l	r	w	y
1. e, me	be	de	ge	je	ve	the	ze	zhe	me	ne	le	re	we	ye
2. a, pay	ba	da	ga	ja	va	tha	za	zha	ma	na	la	ra	wa	ya
3. a, care	ba	da	ga	ja	va	tha	za	zha	ma	na	la	ra	wa	ya
4. a, harm	ba	da	ga	ja	va	tha	za	zha	ma	na	la	ra	wa	ya
5. aw, law	baw	daw	gaw	jaw	vaw	thaw	zaw	zhaw	maw	naw	law	raw	waw	yaw
6. o, no	bo	do	go	jo	vo	tho	zo	zho	mo	no	lo	ro	wo	yo
7. oo, too	boo	doo	goo	joo	voo	thoo	zoo	zhoo	moo	noo	loo	roo	woo	yoo
8. i, tire	bi	di	gi	ji	vi	thi	zi	zhi	mi	ni	li	ri	wi	yi
9. oy, toy	boy	doy	goy	joy	voy	thoy	zoy	zhoy	moy	noy	loy	roy	woy	yoy
10. ow, now	bow	dow	gow	jow	vow	thow	zow	zhow	mow	now	low	row	wow	yow
11. u, lute	bu	du	gu	ju	vu	thu	zu	zhu	mu	nu	lu	ru	wu	yu
12. i, pit	bi	di	gi	ji	vi	thi	zi	zhi	mi	ni	li	ri	wi	yi
13. e, web	be	de	ge	je	ve	the	ze	zhe	me	ne	le	re	we	ye
14. e, term	be	de	ge	je	ve	the	ze	zhe	me	ne	le	re	we	ye
15. a, hat	ba	da	ga	ja	va	tha	za	zha	ma	na	la	ra	wa	ya
16. a, task	ba	da	ga	ja	va	tha	za	zha	ma	na	la	ra	wa	ya
17. o, fop	bo	do	go	jo	vo	tho	zo	zho	mo	no	lo	ro	wo	yo
18. u, sup	bu	du	gu	ju	vu	thu	zu	zhu	mu	nu	lu	ru	wu	yu
19. oo, hoop	boo	doo	goo	joo	voo	thoo	zoo	zhoo	moo	noo	loo	roo	woo	yoo

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TABLE III.—*Combination of the Vocals with the Sub-Vocals.*

	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	33
[KEY.]	b	d	g	j	v	th	z	zh	m	n	ng	l	r
1. e, eve	eb	ed	eg	ej	ev	eth	ez	ezh	em	en	eng	el	er
2. a, age	ab	ad	ag	aj	av	ath	az	azh	am	an	ang	al	ar
3. a, air	ab	ad	ag	aj	av	ath	az	azh	am	an	ang	al	ar
4. a, arm	ab	ad	ag	aj	av	ath	az	azh	am	an	ang	al	ar
5. aw, awl	awb	awd	awg	awj	awv	awth	awz	awzh	awm	awn	awng	awl	awr
6. o, ore	ob	od	og	oj	ov	oth	oz	ozh	om	on	ong	ol	or
7. oo, ooze	oob	ood	oog	ooj	oov	ooth	ooz	oozh	oom	oon	oong	ool	oor
8. i, ire	ib	id	ig	ij	iv	ith	iz	izh	im	in	ing	il	ir
9. oi, oil	oib	oid	oig	oij	oiv	oith	oiz	oizh	oim	oin	oing	oil	oir
10. ou, our	oub	oud	oug	ouj	ouv	outh	ouz	ouzh	oum	oun	oung	oul	our
11. u, lute	ub	ud	ug	uj	uv	uth	uz	uzh	um	un	ung	ul	ur
12. i, it	ib	id	ig	ij	iv	ith	iz	izh	im	in	ing	il	ir
13. e, ebb	eb	ed	eg	ej	ev	eth	ez	ezh	em	en	eng	el	er
14. e, earth	eb	ed	eg	ej	ev	eth	ez	ezh	em	en	eng	el	er
15. a, at	ab	ad	ag	aj	av	ath	az	azh	am	an	ang	al	ar
16. a, ask	ab	ad	ag	aj	av	ath	az	azh	am	an	ang	al	ar
17. o, odd	ob	od	og	oj	ov	oth	oz	ozh	om	on	ong	ol	or
18. u, up	ub	ud	ug	uj	uv	uth	uz	uzh	um	un	ung	ul	ur
19. oo, hoop	oob	ood	oog	ooj	oov	ooth	ooz	oozh	oom	oon	oong	ool	oor

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TABLE IV.—*Combination of the Aspirates with the Vocals.*

	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
[KEY.]	p	t	k	ch	f	th	s	sh	h	wh
1. e, me	pe	te	ke	che	fe	the	se	she	he	whe
2. a, pay	pa	ta	ka	cha	fa	tha	sa	sha	ha	wha
3. a, care	pa	ta	ka	cha	fa	tha	sa	sha	ha	wha
4. a, hark	pa	ta	ka	cha	fa	tha	sa	sha	ha	wha
5. aw, law	paw	taw	kaw	chaw	faw	thaw	saw	shaw	haw	whaw
6. o, no	po	to	ko	cho	fo	tho	so	sho	ho	who
7. oo, you	poo	too	koo	choo	foo	thoo	soo	shoo	hoo	whoo
8. i, dire	pi	ti	ki	chi	fi	thi	si	shi	hi	whi
9. oi, toil	poi	toi	koi	choi	foi	thoi	soi	shoi	hoi	whoi
10. ou, proud	pou	tou	kou	chou	fou	thou	sou	shou	hou	whou
11. u, blue	pu	tu	ku	chu	fu	thu	su	shu	hu	whu
12. i, pit	pi	ti	ki	chi	fi	thi	si	shi	hi	whi
13. e, pet	pe	te	ke	che	fe	the	se	she	he	whe
14. e, pert	pe	te	ke	che	fe	the	se	she	he	whe
15. a, pat	pa	ta	ka	cha	fa	tha	sa	sha	ha	wha
16. a, cask	pa	ta	ka	cha	fa	tha	sa	sha	ha	wha
17. o, pop	po	to	ko	cho	fo	tho	so	sho	ho	who
18. u, rut	pu	tu	ku	chu	fu	thu	su	shu	hu	whu
19. oo rook	poo	too	koo	choo	foo	thoo	soo	shoo	hoo	whoo

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TABLE V.—*Combination of the Vocals with the Aspirates.*

	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
[KEY.]	p	t	k	ch	f	th	s	sh	h	wh
1. e, eel	ep	et	ek	ech	ef	eth	es	esh	eh	ewh
2. a, aim	ap	at	ak	ach	af	ath	as	ash	ah	awh
3. a, air	ap	at	ak	ach	af	ath	as	ash	ah	awh
4. a, are	ap	at	ak	ach	af	ath	as	ash	ah	awh
5. aw, all	awp	awt	awk	awch	awf	awth	aws	awsh	awh	awwh
6. o, own	op	ot	ok	och	of	oth	os	osh	oh	owh
7. oo, food	oop	oot	ook	ooch	oof	ooth	oos	oosh	ooh	oowh
8. i, ice	ip	it	ik	ich	if	ith	is	ish	ih	iwh
9. oy, toy	oyp	oyt	oyk	oych	oyf	oyth	oys	oysh	oyh	oywh
10. ow, owl	owp	owt	owk	owch	owf	owth	ows	owsh	owh	owwh
11. u, (y)use	up	ut	uk	uch	uf	uth	us	ush	uh	uwh
12. i, in	ip	it	ik	ich	if	ith	is	ish	ih	iwh
13. e, end	ep	et	ek	ech	ef	eth	es	esh	eh	ewh
14. e, err	ep	et	ek	ech	ef	eth	es	esh	eh	ewh
15. a, add	ap	at	ak	ach	af	ath	as	ash	ah	awh
16. a, past	ap	at	ak	ach	af	ath	as	ash	ah	awh
17. o, on	op	ot	ok	och	of	oth	os	osh	oh	owh
18. u, hut	up	ut	uk	uch	uf	uth	us	ush	uh	uwh
19. oo, book	oop	oot	ook	ooch	oof	ooth	oos	oosh	ooh	oowh

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DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS.

The following comprise the greater part of the more difficult combinations of elements occurring in the English language.

The "faced letters" represent the combinations, and should be practiced as follows: Give *each* element with special distinctness three times, *separately* in *succession* three times, and then in *combination* three times.

Then pronounce each word in the line three times, giving prominence to the elements of the difficult combination. The words may be given, first in the monotone, then with the falling slide.

The *italicized* words in the sentences should be given very distinctly, but not necessarily with greater loudness. The italics are not used in this exercise to denote emphasis, but to call attention to the words containing the difficult combinations.

In the analysis of the consonant combinations, the pupil should be particular to notice the exact juncture of the organs producing the several elements; and, in passing from one to the other in their union, he should endeavor to join them as closely, smoothly, and accurately as possible.

No exercise in articulation is more profitable than this if properly and faithfully practiced.

bd.—orb'd, sobb'd, ebb'd, prob'd.

The child moaned and *sobbed* itself to a gentle sleep.

bdst.—prob'dst, stabb'dst, fib'dst, snubb'dst.

Thou *snubb'dst* and *stabb'dst* him to the quick.

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blz.—pebbles, gabbles, roubles, stubbles.
His *troubles* followed fast in the footsteps of his *foibles*.

blst.—humbl'st, nibbl'st, babbl'st, troubl'st.
Hence! thou *troubl'st* me with vain requests.

bld.—disabl'd, trembl'd, doubl'd, dissembl'd.
'Tis but the *fabl'd* landscape of a lay.

bldst.—stumbl'dst, disabl'dst, nibbl'dst, gabbl'dst.
Trembl'dst thou at what was but the shadow of a ghost?

br.—breeze, brought, bridge, breath, bride.
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

bz.—robs, webs, fibs, rubs, robes, sobs.
Beneath the cypress boughs the wind *sobs* a sad requiem o'er his grave.

bst.—rob'st, snubb'st, bobb'st, fibb'st.
Prob'st thou the wound of a broken heart?

dld.—saddl'd, coddl'd, riddl'd, muddl'd.
A single look, his smoldering hate *kindl'd* to a rage.

dldst.—addl'dst, peddl'dst, fiddl'dst, waddl'dst.
Thou *fondl'dst* the viper which stings thee to death.

dlz.—bundles, handles, trundles, meddles.
What a great fire a little blaze *kindles*.

dlst.—saddl'st, peddl'st, fiddl'st, kindl'st.
Bird of the sun, in thy upward flight thou *dwindl'st* to a speck.

dnd.—sadd'n'd, wid'n'd, broad'n'd, madd'n'd.
Madd'n'd with drink, he did a deed a life of love could not undo.

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dnz.—burd'ns, hard'ns, sadd'ns, ward'ns, madd'ns.
Bear ye one another's *burd'ns.*

dr.—dread, dream, drink, drawl, meand'ring.
Hear ye the deep *dreadful* thunder, peal on peal, afar!

dst.—didst, hadst, mad'st, add'st, couldst.
When thou *didst* hate him worst, thou *lov'dst* him better
Than ever thou *lov'dst* Cassius.

dth.—breadth, width.
The *width* or *breadth* equals the length.

dths.—widths, breadths.
Three *widths* of one made four *breadths* of the other.

dz.—adz, buds, wads, leads, loads.
Buds, *birds*, *fields*, and *woods*, are country charms that cheer the heart.

dzh.—wedge, badge, judge, pledge, fudge.
"*Pledge* with wine—*pledge* with wine!" cried the thoughtless Harvey Wood.

dzhd.—pledg'd, forg'd, manag'd, smudg'd, gaug'd.
Evil habits *forg'd* the fetters he could never break.

fld.—rifl'd, baffl'd, shuffl'd, sniffl'd, waffl'd.
The *muffl'd* drum told the time had come
For the hero to lay down his life.

fldst.—stifl'dst, baffl'dst, ruffl'dst, trifl'dst.
Thou *baffl'dst* in vain; the cause we'll maintain,
For our country, for truth and for God.

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flz.—raffl's, muffl's, waffl's, truffl's, whiffl's.
Trifl's trouble more than double
What we greater griefs can bear.

flst.—trifl'st, baffl'st, shuffl'st, rufflst.
If thou *stifl'st* thy conscience, the whip of remorse will lash thee back to obedience.

fn.—soft'n, stiff'n, rough'n, oft'n.
Kind words will *oft'n* pluck the barb from envy's arrow, and *soft'n* the obdurate heart.

fnd.—deaf'n'd, stiff'n'd, soft'n'd, rough'n'd.
The loud winds *soft'n'd* to a whisper low.

fnz.—soft'ns, deaf'ns, stiff'ns, rough'ns.
Prosperity *deaf'ns* the ear to pity's call.

fr.—free, fright, from, freckle, fresh.
Francis French was too much *frightened* to offer assistance.

fst.—scoff'st, puff'st, miff'st, cough'st, stuff'st.
Laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

fths.—fifths, twelfths. *Two-fifths* and *three-twelfths* make thirty-nine sixtieths.

fts.—lifts, wafts, shifts, crafts, tufts.
Death *lifts* the veil that hides a brighter sphere.

ftst.—lift'st, waft'st. O'er the desert drear thou *waft'st* thy waste perfume.

gd.—rigg'd, leagu'd, begg'd, flogg'd.
The little ant *lugg'd* and *tugg'd* its tiny load o'er many a straw and stone.

gdst.—fagg'dst, flogg'dst, begg'dst, lugg'dst.
Laggard, why *lugg'dst* thou thy load, and why *lagg'dst* thou behind?

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gl.—gleam, glide, eagle, glove, bugle.

'Midst the *glisten* and *glamour* of *glory*
Rejoice if thou humble canst keep.

gld.—juggl'd, haggl'd, struggl'd.

He was *inveigl'd* into a trap baited with a bribe.

gldst.—mingl'dst, strangl'dst, singl'dst.

Why *smuggl'dst* thou that which was thy bane?

glz.—eagl's, struggl's, haggl's, juggl's.

At the *bugl's* shrill blast the *eagl's* took flight.

glst.—struggl'st, haggl'st, mingl'st.

Thou *haggl'st* over a penny as if it were a pound.

gr.—great, grow, growl, grizzly, grub.

The *Grey* Riesling is a *grape grown* for wine.

gz.—gigs, flogs, dregs, bugs, logs.

In *rags* he *tugs* and *lugs* the *bags*, nor *lags* till he has filled the *brig's* hold.

gst.—wagg'st, begg'st, digg'st, flogg'st.

Thou *begg'st* in vain; no pity melts his heart.

kld.—circl'd, twinkl'd, buckl'd, sparkl'd.

He *buckl'd* them fast to his shoulder and hip.

kldst.—twinkl'dst, sparkl'dst, sprinkl'dst.

Thou *shackl'dst* the arm that would strike the blow for freedom.

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klz.—knuckl's, circl's, sparkl's, truckl's.
The eye *twinkl's* the joy that thrills the soul, and it flashes the hate that holds the heart in thrall.

klst.—buckl'st, freckl'st, encircl'st.
Thou *tackl'st* more than thy match when thou *tickl'st* me.

knd.—black'n'd, wak'n'd, dark'n'd.
He *awak'n'd* from a delusive dream that drove him to despair.

kndst.—heark'n'dst, lik'n'dst, black'n'dst.
Thou *beck'n'dst* me the way I should go.

knz.—dark'ns, thick'ns, falc'ns, tok'ns.
He left me *tok'ns* of lasting friendship.

knst.—wak'n'st, heark'n'st, beck'n'st.
Thou *awak'n'st* within me a warmer sympathy.

kr.—chromo, chronicle, crank, crisp.
Why *crouch* and *crawl* like a *crafty* serpent?

kst.—shak'st, look'st, wak'st, next.
And many a holy *text* around she strews.

kt.—sect, walk'd, rock'd, work'd.
He *track'd* the game to the cavern lair,
But *lack'd* the courage to enter there.

kts.—respects, acts, sects, subjects, facts.
It gilds all *objects*, but it alters none.

ktst.—work'dst, thank'dst, lik'dst, act'st, mock'dst.
Thou *act'st* the manly part when thou *mock'dst* not at facts.

lbz.—Albs, bulbs. The gladiolus *bulbs* root and bloom with the warmth of early spring.

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ldz.—wilds, folds, fields, builds, molds.
The rising sun *gilds* the mountain tops.

ldst.—wield'st, fill'dst, hold'st, shield'st, told'st.
Wield'st thou thy sword for liberty?

lfs.—sylphs, elfs, gulfs, Guelphs, delphs.
The *sylph's* cavern and the *wolf's* cave are side by side.

lft.—engulf'd, ingulf'd. The fated ship is *engulf'd* by the angry waves.

lfth.—twelfth, twelfths. Twelve *twelfths* and a *twelfth* equal one and one *twelfth.*

ldzh'd.—bilg'd, indulg'd, bulg'd.
He *indulg'd* his wit and lost his friend.

lks.—silks, elks, whelks, bilks.
He was whipped till *whelks* rose criss-crossed upon his ebony back.

lkst.—sulk'st, milk'st. Thou *milk'st* the kine at early dawn.

lkts.—mulcts. The hard hand of fate *mulcts* us of many a heart's idol.

lm.—elm, film, helm, realm.
Up with the *helm,* and pull for your lives.

lmd.—whelm'd, film'd. He *overwhelm'd* me with his kindness.

lmz.—films, elms, realms, overwhelms.
He sought for rest in *realms* beyond the skies.

lmst.—overwhelm'st, film'st. Thou *overwhelm'st* them with the whirlwind.

lps.—Alps, pulps, whelps, helps.
The fearless, faithful guide *helps* the traveler up the *Alps.*

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lpst.—scalp'st, help'st.
Thou *help'st* me now in vain.

lptst.—help'dst, scalp'dst.
Thou *scalp'dst* the scalper of his ill-gotten gains.

lst.—fill'st, rul'st, fall'st, dwell'st.
Thou *fill'st* existence with thyself alone.

lt.—wilt, dwelt, moult, guilt.
We try this quarrel *hilt* to *hilt.*

lth.—stealth, filth, wealth.
Wealth does not always bring happiness and *health.*

lths.—tilths, healths.
He drank our *healths* from the crystal spring.

lts.—halts, melts, faults, bolts.
A friendly eye could never see such *faults.*

ltst.—bolt'st, melt'st, halt'st, stilt'st.
Thou *melt'st* with pity at another's woes.

lvd.—involv'd, shelv'd, resolv'd.
He *resolv'd* to live a life that would not shame his friends.

lvst.—dissolv'st, involv'st, solv'st.
Thou *involv'st* the firm, and then *dissolv'st* the partnership.

lvz.—elves, wolves, valves, shelves.
Man *resolves* and re-*resolves*, then dies the same.

lz.—pulls, steals, palls, tolls, calls.
Old age *steals* upon us unawares.

mdst.—flam'dst, bloom'dst, illum'dst, nam'dst.
Thou *doomd'st* thy lover to a life of misery.

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mfs.—lymphs, triumphs, nymphs.
The *nymphs* in triumph dance in festive glee.

mps.—dumps, damps, lamps, bumps, limps.
He *stamps* his mind upon the lettered page.

mpst.—limp'st, thump'st, stamp'st.
Thou *damp'st* their zeal and *stamp'st* defeat upon their cause.

mz.—seems, psalms, gems, comes, tomes.
Seems, madam! nay 'tis; I know not *seems*.

mst.—dream'st, tam'st, seem'st, doom'st.
Thou *seem'st* to be an angel of light.

mtst.—tempt'st, prompt'st, stamp'd'st.
Thou *prompt'st* the warrior to a deed of fame.

ndz.—bonds, blends, sands, finds, bounds.
Fate *binds* him with iron *bands*.

ndst.—send'st, ground'st, moan'd'st.
Thou *found'st* me an enemy, thou leavest me a friend.

ng.—singing, longing, swinging, ringing.
Ding-dong dell! *exulting*, *trembling* swell the bells.

ngdst.—wing'dst, hang'dst, twang'dst, wrong'dst.
Thou *wrong'dst* me to think I had aught against thee.

ngz.—sings, songs, wings, lungs, fangs.
The Angel of Peace scatters *blessings* from her dewy *wings*.

ngst.—hang'st, long'st, bring'st, bang'st.
Thou *bring'st* me good tidings from over the sea.

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ngths.—lengths, strengths.

Short views we take, nor see the *lengths* behind.

ngks.—links, franks, sinks, danks, bunks.

My father! me*thinks* I see my father.

ngkst.—think'st, thank'st, wink'st.

Oh, deeper than thou *think'st*, I have read thy heart.

ngkts.—adjuncts, precincts.

He left the warm *precincts* of the cheerful day.

ndzh.—plunge, hinge, flange, range.

Possessions vanish and opinions *change*.

ndzhd.—plung'd, chang'd, reveng'd, fring'd.

If you would be *reveng'd* on your enemies, let your life be blameless.

ns.—dance, bounce, mince, tense, lance.

In search of wit, some lose all common *sense*.

nst.—against, canst, fenc'd, winc'd.

Thou *canst* not? and a king!

ntsht.—blanch'd, lunch'd, trench'd, stanch'd.

He *wrenched* the chain, tho' all in vain,
For the firm links held him fast.

nt.—plant, tent, fount, blunt.

He *went* to the *mint* to see money made, not *spent*.

nths.—months, tenths, hyacinths, plinths.

Hyacinths bloom in the *months* of spring.

nts.—plants, flints, tents.

Man *wants* but little here below, nor *wants* that little long.

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ntst.—hunt'st, taunt'st.

Hunt'st thou the wild gazelle?

nz.—plains, moons, moans, lens, vanes.

Though slow of reward, merit *wins* in the end.

pld.—tramp'ld, tippl'd, toppl'd, dappl'd.

The *dimpled* cheek of the child wore an angel's smile.

pldst.—rippl'dst, peopl'dst, rumpl'dst.

Thou *trampl'dst* the worm that harmed thee not.

plz.—mapl's, appl's, toppl's, stippl's, stapl's.

Age on their *temples* shed her silver frost.

plst.—trampl'st, rippl'st, sampl'st, toppl'st, tippl'st.

Thou *sampl'st* the tap, and then *toppl'st* to thy miserable home.

pnd.—rip'n'd, op'n'd, deep'n'd, happ'n'd, sharp'n'd.

The golden ripples of the *rip'n'd* grain make glad the heart of the peasant.

pnz.—op'ns, happ'ns, rip'ns, cheap'ns.

The combat *deep'ns*—on, ye brave!

pr.—pride, proper, prune, print, prey.

Prompt to relieve, the *prisoner* sings his *praise.*

ps.—tips, tops, props, tapes, mops.

Thought *droops* and *stops* as the eyes grow heavy with sleep.

pst.—top'st, prop'st, heap'st, shap'st, hoop'st.

Thou *slapp'st* the child thou shouldst have kissed.

pt.—wept, slipp'd, supp'd, stopp'd.

The little one *wept* itself to sleep.

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pts.—intercepts, accepts, precepts.

The father's *precepts* the dutiful son obeyed.

ptst.—hop'd'st, accept'st, intercept'st.

Accept'st thou the commission offered thee?

pths.—depths.

From the *depths* of despair, the sorrowing soul is lifted on the wings of love.

rb.—herb, verb, orb, curb, garb.

Curb thy tongue, for its *barb'd* words stick where they strike.

rbd.—orb'd, curb'd, garb'd, disturb'd.

No reveille *disturb'd* his slumbers; for he slept the sleep of death.

rbdst.—barb'dst, orb'dst, curb'dst, disturb'dst.

Thou *curb'dst* well the gallant steed thou strod'st.

rbz.—barbs, verbs, orbs, disturbs.

The *orbs* of night in the winter's sky shine clear and bright.

rbst.—absorb'st, barb'st, curb'st, disturb'st.

Thou *absorb'st* our precious time by trivial talk.

rdz.—words, birds, cards, chords, herds.

The silver *cords* of friendship may unite many hearts which the golden *cords* of love dare not entwine.

rdst.—reward'st, herd'st, guard'st.

Thou *regard'st* whom thou *reward'st*.

rfs.—serfs, dwarfs, turfs, scarfs.

Dwarfs and pygmies shall to giants rise.

rgz.—bergs, icebergs, burgs.

The *icebergs* float from the Arctic seas.

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rdzh.—surge, forge, enlarge, gorge, emerge.
From out the *gorge* sweeps the wild torrent to the *verge* of the precipice.

rdzhd.—urg'd, charg'd, merg'd, forg'd.
So they beat against the State House,
So they *surged* against the door.

rks.—barks, corks, works, larks, storks.
He *marks* the tracks of the wounded by the crimson trails in the snow.

rkst.—mark'st, work'st, bark'st, cork'st.
Mark'st thou the spot where the hero died?

rkt.—work'd, mark'd, lurk'd, fork'd, jerk'd.
He *work'd* his way to the topmost round of the ladder of fame.

rktst.—bark'dst, work'dst, fork'dst, lurk'dst.
Thou *lurk'dst* round our haunts like a mercenary spy.

rld.—curl'd, snarl'd, whirl'd, furl'd, world.
Round the chieftain's head the war-cloud *curl'd.*

rldst.—hurl'dst, snarl'dst, furl'dst, whirl'dst.
Thou *furl'dst* thy sails in the harbor of bliss.

rldz.—worlds. *Worlds* unseen, the eye of faith explores.

rlz.—hurls, pearls, snarls, twirls, churls.
The glittering *pearls* of the sea are not to be compared with the priceless *pearls* of thought.

rmd.—arm'd, charm'd, form'd, harm'd.
"*Arm'd*, say you?" "*Arm'd*, my lord."

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rmdst.—form'dst, storm'dst, charm'dst, worm'dst.

Thou *charm'dst* the maid whose ear was not proof against flattery's wiles.

rmz.—charms, forms, storms, terms.

Truth *storms* the citadel of falsehood, and accepts no *terms* but unconditional surrender.

rmst.—form'st, charm'st, storm'st, alarm'st.

Thou *charm'st* me with thy silver-tongued speech.

rmth.—warmth.

What *warmth* of feeling is in thy golden words.

rnd.—scorn'd, earn'd, burn'd, warn'd.

We were *warn'd* of our danger in time to escape.

rndst. — burn'dst, turn'dst, scorn'dst, warn'dst, learn'dst.

Thou *learn'dst* thy lesson well, though thou *scorn'dst* to confess it.

rnz.—spurns, darns, mourns, urns.

As the sun sets, the leaden cloud *turns* to burnished gold.

rps.—carps, warps, sharps, thorps, harps.

We hanged our *harps* upon the willows.

rpt.—warp'd, usurp'd, harp'd.

Wealth *usurp'd* the throne where intellect long had ruled.

rs.—scarce, purse, fierce, source, farce.

Costly thy habit as thy *purse* can buy.

rsh.—marsh, Kershaw, harsh.

Kershaw island is in San Francisco Bay.

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rsts.—versts, bursts, thirsts.

The Russian treads his weary *versts* o'er glittering fields of snow.

rtst.—smart'st, hurt'st, part'st, girt'st, report'st.

O jealousy! thou *part'st* the hearts that should be ours.

rths.—earths, worths, hearths, births, fourths.

The *earth's* productiveness is in excess of possible consumption.

rtsht.—march'd, search'd, parch'd, perch'd.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though *perch'd* on Alps.

rvd.—preserv'd, nerv'd, starv'd, carv'd.

He never *swerv'd* from the line of duty.

rvdst.—curv'dst, swerv'dst, carv'dst, preserv'dst.

Thou *preserv'dst* me from mine enemies.

rvz.—nerves, starves, swerves.

The fool *serves* his body, but *starves* his mind.

rvst.—curv'st, carv'st, preserv'st.

Thou *serv'st* me well, thou *nerv'st* my arm for the fight.

rz.—stars, wars, bars, tears, stores.

His *fears* were the children of a violated conscience.

sf.—Sphinx, sphere.

Within my *sphere*, I am as secret as the *Sphinx*.

shr.—shrill, shriek, shrine, shrink, shrunk, shrank.

He *shrank* from the *shrill shriek* of the *unshriven*, who wildly wailed and wept before the *shrine*.

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sk.—skill, scald, scold, scamp, scull, scum.

The *scamp sculled* the boat away and left me to *scud* home on foot.

skr.—scream, scratch, scrawl, screen, scringe, scribe.

Across the *scraggy* edge he drew the *screeching* file.

sks.—tasks, masks, frisks, desks, asks.

He *basks* in the sunshine of fortune, for his *tasks* of life are well done.

skst.—mask'st, frisk'st, bask'st, tusk'st.

Ask'st thou to whom belongs this valley fair?

skt.—task'd, frisk'd, ask'd, tusk'd, bask'd.

He *risk'd* his own, another's life to save.

sld.—whistl'd, wrestl'd, tussl'd, jostl'd, bustl'd.

Nestl'd in a quiet valley, the peaceful hamlet looked the home of the fairies.

slz.—brisl's, bustl's, trestl's, thistl's, nestl's.

In our *tussles* with Fate, she often *jostles* the conceit out of us, and *hustles* common sense in.

slst.—rustl'st, jostl'st, nestl'st, bristl'st, bustl'st.

Thou *wrestl'st* bravely with thy faults.

sm.—smote, smile, small, smash, smack.

The *smooth* waters *smoother* grow,
As the sunset *smiles* upon the lake.

snd.—glist'n'd, moist'n'd, list'n'd, less'n'd.

We *listen'd* to the mocking bird singing as the dew *moisten'd* the grass.

snz.—list'ns, moist'ns, glist'ns, pers'ns.

"Farewell!" *moist'ns* many an eye.

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snst.—less'n'st, list'n'st, hast'n'st.
Thou *hast'n'st* homeward without delay.

spl.—splendid, splutter, spleen, split, splash.
The full moon rides in *splendor* thro' the midnight sky.

spr.—spring, sprung, sprain, spray, sprig.
The cold *spray* turns to ice as it touches the colder *sprigs* of the overhanging branches.

sps.—gasps, hasps, lisps, clasps, rasps.
He shudders, *gasps;* Jove help him; so, he's dead.

spt.—lisp'd, clasp'd, grasp'd.
He *lisp'd* the words he should have spoken.

st.—stay, still, stamp, list, last, lost.
Hast thou a charm to *stay* the morning *star?*

str.—strength, strut, stroll, strive, strown.
They have *strewn* their beds with roses, but they will lie down on thorns.

sts.—blasts, rusts, casts, mists, tastes, boasts.
Wastes and deserts; not *waste sand* deserts.

stst.—last'st, list'st, boast'st, tast'st, toast'st.
Thou *wast'st* thy breath to no purpose.

thn.—strength'n, length'n.
Live temperately if you would *length'n* your days.

thnd.—length'n'd, strength'n'd.
Spend not thy *length'n'd* years in vain.

thndst.—length'n'dst, strength'n'dst.
Thou *strength'n'dst* him for the fight.

thnz.—strength'ns, length'ns.
He *lengthens* the hour in vain.

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ths.—youths, faiths, truths, swaths, wreaths.
He *sheaths* the sword that ne'er was drawn in vain.

thr.—thrum, thrill, throb, thrush, throttle.
Soft is the *thrill* that memory *throws* across the soul.

tht.—betroth'd. She was early *betroth'd* to the man she loved.

thd.—seeth'd, sooth'd, bath'd; loath'd, breath'd.
They *bath'd* his heated brain, and *sooth'd* his frantic fears.

thz.—breath's, bath's, tith's, scyth's, loath's.
She *loath's* the very sight of him.

thst.—writh'st, smooth'st, breath'st, bath'st.
O guilt! thou *bath'st* the world in tears.

thdst.—breath'dst, writh'dst, smooth'dst.
Thou *smooth'dst* my pathway down the hill of life.

tld.—prattl'd, bottl'd, rattl'd, throttl'd.
The child *prattl'd* on while the mother's heart was torn with grief.

tldst.—startl'dst, bottl'dst, rattl'dst, throttl'dst.
Thou *startl'dst* the sleepers from their gentle slumbers.

tlz.—battl's, titl's, bottl's, turtl's, rattl's.
At the thought of her, how the blood *mantles* to his cheek.

tlst.—battl'st, throttl'st, startl'st.
Thou *throttl'st* the demon intemperance and savest thy life.

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tnd.—sweet'n'd, whit'n'd, mitt'n'd, bright'n'd.
His heart *light'n'd* at the thought of her he soon would see.

tnz.—whit'ns, kitt'ns, mitt'ns, light'ns.
The snow *whit'ns* all the trees and fields.

tr.—truth, trim, tread.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the *troops' triumphant tread.*

tsh.—church, chime, chubby, touch, wretch.
He heard the *chit-chat* of the *chubby children* dear.

tsht.—match'd, watch'd, touch'd, fetch'd.
He *touch'd* a chord that thrilled all hearts with joy.

tshtst.—touch'dst, parch'dst, snatch'dst.
Thou *touch'dst* his wounded heart.

ts.—huts, bets, lots, lights.
Ten censure wrong for one who *writes* amiss.

tst.—start'st, shout'st, sitt'st, sport'st, smart'st.
Thou *start'st* at trifles.

vd.—believ'd, liv'd, lov'd, brav'd, starv'd, sav'd.
He *liv'd* the life his conscience *approv'd.*

vdst.—deserv'dst, liv'dst, believ'dst, deceiv'dst.
Believ'dst thou what the prophets have told thee?

vld.—shrivl'd, shovl'd, grovl'd.
The *shrivl'd* heart of the miser has no place for pity.

vldst.—grov'l'dst, shov'l'dst.
The worm that *grov'l'dst* in the earth,
On fairy wings will cleave the sky.

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vlst.—driv'l'st, shov'l'st, rav'l'st, shriv'l'st.
Thou *trav'l'st* a long journey to reach the Mecca of thy heart.

vlz.—ev'ls, lev'ls, shov'ls, driv'ls, bev'ls.
Love *lev'ls* all ranks.

vnz.—ov'ns, crav'ns, ev'ns, sev'ns, heav'ns.
The *heav'ns* declare the glory of God.

vnth.—sev'nth, elev'nth.
At the *elev'nth* hour you came, though called at the *sev'nth*.

vz.—sheaves, waves, gloves, groves, saves, lives.
Leaves have their time to fall.

vst.—liv'st, sav'st, prov'st, starv'st, shov'st.
Thou *prov'st* thyself equal to the occasion.

znd.—blaz'n'd, seas'n'd, reas'n'd, pris'n'd.
The *emblaz'n'd* banners flaunted on the breeze.

znz.—seas'ns, pris'ns, reas'ns, impris'ns.
Thou hast all *seas'ns* for thine own, O Death!

znst.—seas'n'st, emblaz'n'st, impris'n'st.
Thou *emblaz'n'st* his name high on the scroll of fame.

TABLE VI.

[Vowel sounds, with their "diacritical marks," as used in Webster's Dictionary.]

1. ā, as in ale, may, fate, fame.
2. ă, " add, mat, fat, back.
3. â, " air, fair, wear, tear.
4. ä, " arm, aunt, palm, laugh.

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5. ȧ, as in ask, glass, ant, branch.
6. a̧, " all, swarthy, talk, law.
7. ạ, " what, wallet, was, yacht.

1. ē, as in eve, eke, mete, believe.
2. ĕ, " end, fetch, web, deck.
3. ê, " ere, there, where, ne'er.
4. e̊, " eight, prey, feign, heinous.
5. ē, " earn, terse, pert, serve.

1. ī, as in ire, bind, thrive, wise.
2. ĭ, " ill, pity, fit, finish.
3. ï, " police, marine, pique, retrieve.
4. ĩ, " irksome, firm, bird, whirl.

1. ō, as in ode, note, hold, no.
2. ŏ, " odd, lock, docile, rob.
3. ȯ, " other, won, son, brother.
4. ô, " order, storm, born, horse.
5. o̧, " move, prove, whom, lose.
6. ọ, " bosom, wolf, woman, Wolsey.

1. ū, as in (y)use, lute, elude, presume.
2. ŭ, " us, hush, bud, muddle.
3. û, " urn, furl, lurk, murmur.
4. u̧, " rude, prune, rural, true.
5. u̇, " push, put, bullet, full.

1. ȳ, as in my, fly, gyve, try.
2. ў, " nymph, lily, lyric, abyss.

In the foregoing table it will be seen that the "regular long," or *name* sounds of the vowels are marked alike. The mark is called "macron" (from the Greek *makros*, meaning *long*). The same is true with the "regular short" vowel sounds, each of which is marked with the "breve" (from the Latin *brevis*,

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short). The marks of the other vowel sounds—the "occasional sounds," have no special significance, only as each is associated with the sound of the vowel represented by the marking.

There are several vowel sounds not recognized by the dictionaries in the "key to pronunciation," such as "a" in *many*, *says*, *again*, and *saith*; "e" as in *pretty*, and "ee" in *been*; "o" in *work*, *worth*, *worship*, *worse*, etc., and "o" in *women*; "u" in *busy*, and in *bury*; and "y" in *myrrh*, *myrtle*, etc. But these play such an insignificant part in pronunciation, that they are very properly regarded as exceptional sounds, and not entitled to recognition.

In the rapid enunciation of syllables and words, many of the long vowel sounds become *obscure*. The gliding movement, so important to the melody of speech, makes this necessary. The obscured vowel generally tends toward a corresponding short vowel sound. As, for example, ā obscure tends towards ĕ; ē, towards ĭ; ä, towards ȧ; ō, towards ŭ, and o͞o, towards o͝o.

In Table VI. it will be seen that there are different vowels representing the same sound. The following is a list of the exact equivalents.

ā=e̱; â=ê; ạ=ŏ; ē=ï; ẽ=ĩ=û; ī=ȳ; ĭ=y̆; ȯ=ŭ; o̤=ṳ=o͞o; ọ=ụ=o͝o.

There are also many equivalents of the vowel sounds formed by vowel combinations, but as this is not a text-book on orthography, their tabulation is purposely omitted.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

[*Analysis, Syllabication, Accent, and Pronunciation.*]

One of the best means for correcting a faulty articu-

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lation and improving a good one, is the exercise of the voice and the organs of articulation in the analysis of words, as follows:

1. Divide the word into its syllables by pronouncing each syllable separately.

2. Divide each syllable into its elements, giving each element very distinctly three times; then combine the elements and pronounce the syllable thus formed with precision, proceeding with each syllable of the word in the same way.

3. Next, place the accent upon the syllable to which it belongs, and repeat the word several times, exaggerating the accent in order to counteract the too common fault of pronouncing words with too little accent. If there is a "secondary" accent, give it with the degree of emphasis which its relative importance demands. *Accent* is to the *syllable* in the *word*, what *emphasis* is to the *word* in the *sentence*.

4. Last, pronounce the word several times very distinctly and slowly, giving to each element its due amount of sound. Then repeat the pronunciation over and over with the same degree of accuracy, but increasing the rapidity at each repetition.

Whenever the student finds a word difficult to articulate or to pronounce, it should be analyzed and practiced as directed above. The best readers will come across such words now and then, so that no one gets beyond the necessity—at least the possibility of benefit—of such thorough-going practices in articulation.

To the list given below, the student can add for himself such words as he may find most difficult to articulate or pronounce correctly.

A good practice is to write the word on the black-

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board or on paper, and then write it underneath separated into its syllables. The sounds of the vowels should then be indicated according to the markings given in Table VI.

An "obscure" vowel sound, (and there are many found in words,) may be marked with the sign of the vowel to which it most nearly corresponds in sound. The *silent* letters may be canceled by drawing a line diagonally across them. Where necessary, the consonants may also be marked.

The following analyses will serve as models for blackboard practice:

Personification	Boundary.
Pĕr-sŏn′-ĭ-fĭ-cā′-ti(sh)ŏn	Boun′d-ā-rў

Though	Company	Phthisic.
thō*ugh*	cŏm′-pā-nў	*phth*ĭs′-ĭc
bade	wire	vehemence
which	history	solicitously
been	contempt	gradually
wrestled	really	etymologically
glass	hospitable	recapitulation
again	mischievous	superciliousness
truly	accuracy	allegorically
laugh	ignorant	particularly
evening	anemone	accompaniment
iron	regularly	unintelligibility

VOWEL SOUND PRACTICE.

The following sentences, embodying words containing each of the vowel sounds, should be carefully studied, that they may be read with the significance and expression intended by the language. The words

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printed in *italics* and containing the vowel under consideration should be given with special accuracy and distinctness, but not, necessarily, with greater emphasis:

ā

1. The spangled heavens, a shining *frame*,
   Their *great* original *proclaim*.
2. The strong-felt passion bolts into the *face;*.
   The mind untouched, what is it but *grimace?*
3. Follow, *brave* hearts!—This pile *remains*,
   Our refuge still from life and *chains*.
4. The cot *may* for the palace *change*—
   The palace for the cot.
5. From Hell *Gate* to Gold *Gate*,
   And the Sabbath unbroken,
   A sweep continental,
   And the Saxon yet spoken!
6. No matter how well the track is *laid*,
   No matter how strong the engine is *made*,
   When you find you are running the downward *grade*,
   Put down the *brakes*.

7. Whatever *day makes* man a *slave*, *takes* half his worth *away*.

ă

1. Cosmopolitan rivers, Mississippi, Missouri,
   That travel the *planet* like Jordan thro' Jewry.
2. It rests with me, here, *brand* to *brand*,
   Worn *as* thou art, to bid thee *stand*.
3. We hold our greyhound in our *hand*,
   Our falcon on our glove;
   But where *shall* we find leash or *band*
   For dame *that* loves to rove?

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4. E'en in our *ashes* live their wonted fires.

5. None but himself *can* be his *parallel.*

6. Small feet were *pattering*,
Wooden shoes *clattering*,
Little *hands clapping*,
And little tongues *chattering*
Like fowls in a farmyard when barley is *scattering.*

â

1. He *dares* not touch a *hair* of Catiline!

2. Comrade, enough! sit down and *share*
A soldier's couch, a soldier's *fare.*

3. Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing *square*,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches *glare.*

4. The fashion *wears* out more apparel than the man.

5. The monk, with unavailing *cares*
Exhausted all the Church's *prayers.*

6. "*Fair, fair*, and golden *hair*,"
Sang a lone mother while weeping;
"*Fair, fair*, with golden *hair*,
My little one's quietly sleeping."

ä

1. Better be
Where the extinguished *Spartans* still *are* free,
In their proud *charnel* of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our *marsh.*

2. *Hark!* I hear the bugles of the enemy. They *are* on their *march* along the bank of the river.

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3. With fruitless labor, Clara bound
And strove to *staunch* the gushing wound.

4 Where deserts lie down in the prairies' broad *calms*,
Where lake links to lake like the music of *psalms*.

5. *Hearts*, like apples, *are hard* and sour,
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power.

6. False wizard, avaunt! I have *marshaled* my clan,
Their swords *are* a thousand, their bosoms *are* one.

ȧ

1. Then the poor exiles, every pleasure *past*,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their *last*.

2. The besieged city was at its *last gasp*.

3. The oak-tree struggling with the *blast*
Devours its father tree,
And sheds its leaves and drops its *mast*,
That more may be.

4. The milk-haired heifer's life must *pass*
That it may fill your own,
As *passed* the sweet life of the *grass*
She fed upon.

5. From hand to hand life's cup is *passed*
Up Being's piled gradation,
Till men to angels yield at *last*
The rich collation.

6. His shield is rent and his *lance* is broken.

7. Forth from the *pass* in tumult driven
Like *chaff* before the winds of heaven,
The archery appear.

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ă

1. The *falcon* preys upon the finch,
   The finch upon the fly.
2. *Aurora*, now, fair *daughter* of the *dawn*,
   Sprinkles with rosy light the upland *lawn*.
3. How *small*, of *all* that human hearts endure,
   That part which *laws* or kings can *cause* or cure.
4. The Universal *cause*
   Acts not by partial but by general *laws*.
5. To where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
   Holds its *warped* mirror to a gaping age.
6. These *taught* us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
   The price for knowledge) *taught* us how to die.
7. Where the *warbling waters* flow.

ȧ

1. *What !* has the *yacht* sunk ?
2. Into *Hiawatha's wigwam*
   Came two other guests.
3. True hope is swift and flies with *swallow's* wings ;
   Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
4. Oh ! *what* a rogue and peasant slave am I !
5. The providence that's in a *watchful* state
   Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold.

ē

1. The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
   Gang aft a-gley,
   And *lea'e* us naught but *grief* and pain
   For promised joy.

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2. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or *fiend!*"
I *shrieked*, upstarting.

3. O what a tangled web *we weave*,
When first *we* practice to *deceive!*

4. When shall I, frail man, *be pleading?*
Who for *me be interceding*,
When the just are mercy *needing?*

5. Oh, Thou that driest the mourner's *tear*,
How dark this world would *be*,
If, when *deceived* and wounded *here*,
We could not fly to *Thee*.

6. *Cleon* is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I.

7. When *she* had passed it *seemed* like the *ceasing* of exquisite music.

8. "*Sleep* soft, beloved," *we* sometimes say:
But have no power to charm away
Sad *dreams* that through the eyelids *creep*.

ĕ

1. *Lest men suspect* your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

2. It was like a *message* from the *dead*. Mr. Owen took the *letter*, but could not break the *envelope* on account of his *trembling* fingers. He *held* it towards Mr. Allen.

3. The *chest* contriv'd a double *debt* to pay,
A *bed* by night, a *chest* of drawers by day.

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4. *Let* us *then* with *ourselves* solemn conference hold,
Ere sleep's silken *fetters* our *senses enfold.*

5. My *conscience* is my crown,
Contented thoughts my *rest;*
My heart is happy in *itself,*
My bliss is in my *breast.*

6. The *next* night
It came *again,* with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had *blessed,*
And lo! *Ben Adhem's* name *led* all the *rest.*

ê

1. A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

2. *Howe'er* it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

3. And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it *e'er,*
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man *there.*

4. Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world.

ę

1. The snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a *veil* descending.

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2. They fell a *prey*, that unlucky day, to the *eighth* Wisconsin regiment.

3. How, scanning each living temple,
For the place where the *veil* is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
Some form of the God within.

4. The undaunted but baffled troops fell an easy *prey* to the enemy.

ē

1. The quality of *mercy* is not strained.

2. Truth crushed to *earth* shall rise again;
The *eternal* years of God are *hers:*
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

3. To *err* is human; to forgive, divine.

4. And she thinks through its *swerve*
By the telegraph *nerve.*

5. *Bertha* bought *herself* a *serge* dress.

6. Doomed for a *certain term* to walk the night.

7. Sir, I know the *uncertainty* of human affairs.

ī

1. Conscript Fathers,
I do not *rise* to waste the *night* in words.

2. And he has never written *line,*
Nor sent you word, nor made you *sign*
To say he was *alive?*

3. He once was *kind!*
And *I* believed 'twould last—how mad!—how *blind!*

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4. There's a thrill in the air
Like the tingle of *wine*,
Like a bugle-blown blast
When the scimiters *shine*,
And the *sky-line* is broken
By the Mountains *Divine!*

5. *Idleness* is a fruitful cause of *vice* and *crime.*

6. Of all the *vices* that *conspire* to *blind*
Man's erring judgment, and *misguide* his *mind*,
What the weak head with strongest *bias* rules
Is *pride*, the never-failing *vice* of fools.

7. He that by the plow would *thrive*
Must either hold the plow or *drive.*

8. *While life's* dark maze *I* tread,
Be Thou *my guide.*

I

1. The sailor's eyes were *dim with* dew,—
"Your *little* lad, your *Elihu?*'
He said *with trembling lip*,—
"What *little* lad? What *ship?*"

2. Ay, and that tongue of *his*, that bade the Romans
Mark *him*, and write *his* speeches *in* their books,
"Alas!" *it* cried—"*Give* me some *drink*, *Titinius.*"

3. *Still it whispered promised* pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at *distance* hail.

4. I found *it in his* closet; *'tis his will.*

5. Around us are *vineyards*
With their jewels and gems,
Living trinkets of wine
Blushing warm on the stems.

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6. *I'* the name of truth,
Are ye *fantastical*, or that *indeed*
Which outwardly ye show?

7. *If it* were done, when *'tis* done, then t' were well
It were done *quickly*.

ĭ

1. The *police* caught the *marine* just before he reached the boat.

2. With inward arms, the dire *machine* they load.

3. A deep *ravine* divided the opposing forces.

4. *Piqued* by Protogenes' fame,
From Cos to Rhodes Apelles came.

5. Coming from an infected port, the vessel was *quarantined*.

6. I hear the *Florentine*, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din.

ī

1. His *mirth* was the joy of the *mirthful*,
His *firmness* the pride of the *firm*.

2. *Sir*, before God, I believe the hour is come.

3. The broadest *mirth* unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than *virtue's* very tears.

4. "He does not love me for my *birth*,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair:
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

5. The raven croaked, and hollow shrieks of owls
Sung *dirges* at her funeral.

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ō

1. Thou hast *no shore*, fair *ocean*,
Thou hast *no* time, bright day.

2. We were as merry as crickets, and as warm as *toast*, all but our *noses*, *toes* and finger-ends.

3. The mind that broods *o'er* guilty *woes*
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circles *narrowing* as it *glows*,
The flames around the captive *close*,
Till inly searched by thousand *throes*,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and *sole* relief she *knows*,
The sting she nourished for her *foes*.

4. How fell he—with his face to the *foe*,
Upholding the flag he *bore*?

5. To die or conquer proves a *hero's* heart,
And *knowing* this, I *know* a *soldier's* part.

ŏ

1. He that is *robb'd*, *not* wanting what is stolen,
Let him *not* know it, and he's *not robb'd* at all.

2. Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee *wrong*,
As, darkly painted *on* the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats *along*.

3. Absence *of occupation* is *not* rest.

4. *On* their own merits *modest* men are dumb.

5. Give lettered *pomp* to teeth *of* time,
So *Bonny* Doon but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.

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6. The *mossy* marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom.

ȯ

1. So much *one* man can do
That *does* but act and know.

2. Who dares do *one* thing, and *another* tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

3. When *other* lips and *other* hearts
Their tales of *love* shall tell.

4. The prize was *won* by the *son* of the *governor's cousin.*

5. Their *blood* be on their heads.

6. Hark, 'tis his knock! he *comes!* he *comes once* more!

ô

1. *California* is justly called the Golden State.

2. I trow they did not part in *scorn.*

3. *For* fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

4. *Stormed* at with shot and shell
While *horse* and hero fell.

5. All men think all men *mortal* but themselves.

6. A *horse!* a *horse!* my kingdom *for* a *horse.*

o̤

1. *Move* not, or I shall *move!*

2. Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he *soothed* his soul to pleasures.

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3. There's an old maxim in the *schools*,
That flattery's the *food* of *fools*.

4. Sleep and death—*two* twins of wingèd race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.

5. The water *oozed* out from between the rocks, *proving* the truth of the old miner's statement.

6. *Prove* all things; hold fast that which is good.

o

1. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in *womankind*
Beats with his blood.

2. But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the *wood*,
And the yellow sunflower by the *brook* in autumn beauty *stood*.

3. I *would* that I *could* be
A hermit in the crowd like thee.

4. Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's *crook*
Beside the sceptre.

5. The stroke of the *woodman's* ax resounds
Through forest, hill and vale.

u

1. But since my oath was taken for public *use*,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.

2. O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless *contiguity* of shade.

3. His very foot has *music* in't
As he comes up the stairs.

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4. What *constitutes* a state ?
Men who their *duties* know, but know their rights.

5. Do not *presume* too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

6. *Beautiful* for *situation*, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.

7. Strange ! that a harp of a thousand strings
Should keep in *tune* so long.

8. 'Tis the same with common *natures :*
Use 'em kindly, they rebel.

ŭ

1. The *trumpet* sounded, " *Up !* and to horse."

2. Minutes and mercies *multiplied*
Have made *up* all this day.

3. War, he *sung*, is toil and *trouble*,
Honor, *but* an empty *bubble.*

4. The sweet remembrance of the *just*
Shall *flourish* when he sleeps in *dust.*

5. Now shouts and *tumults* wake the tardy *sun*,
And with the light the warrior's toils *begun.*

6. In arms the glittering squadron round
Rush sudden.

7. And once, *but* once she lifted her eyes,
And *suddenly*, sweetly, strangely *blushed.*

û

1. Hushed by the *murmurs* of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the arms of sleep.

2. Rest ! rest ! *perturbed* spirit.

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3. Costly thy habit as thy *purse* can buy.

4. Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has *surviv'd* the fall.

5. Through the ages, one increasing *purpose* runs.

6. For *murder*, tho' it have no tongue, will speak.

7. The sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurned*
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws.

u

1. Here at school we gather daily,
And we learn the golden *rule*.

2. *Rude* am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace.

3. Not *rural* sights alone, but *rural* sounds exhilarate the spirit.

4. *Prudes* are over *prudent*.

5. Atoms or systems into *ruin* hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

6. And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your *ruling* passion strong in death.

7. You must wear your *rue* with a difference.

u

1. The air is *full* of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.

2. He *putteth* down one and setteth up another.

3. *Pulling* off his cap, he ascended the *pulpit*.

4. *Put* some *sugar* in my tea.

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5. Britannia needs no *bulwarks*,
No towers along the steep.

6. Poor *pussy* was afraid of the big *bull-dog*.

7. We are *fearfully* and *wonderfully* made.

ȳ

1. Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive *fly*,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the *sky*.

2. Love is a boy *by* poets *styl'd*,
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.

3. *Ay*, sweet Rosalind.

4. *Why*, cousin! *why*, Rosalind! *thy* words are too precious to be cast away upon curs.

5. I could shake them off *my* coat; these burrs are in *my* heart.

6. I would *try*, if I could *cry* "hem!" and have him.

7. Come, come, wrestle with *thy* affections.

8. Whoe'er I woo, *myself* would be the wife.

y̆

1. *Myriads* of daisies have shone forth in flower,
That none but the lark hath seen.

2. Have you seen the *pyramids* of *Egypt*?

3. *Pygmies* are *pygmies* still, though perched on Alps,
And *pyramids* are *pyramids* in vales.

4. This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life *elysian*.

5. Can you give the *etymological analysis* of the word "*symphony*"?

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6. The dove *symbolizes purity.*

7. I knew that bounding grace of step,
That *symmetry* of mould.

oy

1. Heard ye the *voice* of Jove? Success and fame
Await on *Troy*—on Greece, eternal shame.

2. In every *joy* that crowns my days,
Thy ruling hand I see.

3. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad *voice?*

4. My *voice* is ragged: I cannot please you.

5. He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To *point* a moral or adorn a tale.

6. O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, *coy*, and hard to please.
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

ou

1. *Loud sounds* the ax, redoubling strokes on strokes.

2. The *plowman* homeward plods his weary way.

3. Not heaven itself upon the past has *power*,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my *hour.*

4. Ring *out* old shapes of *foul* disease,
Ring *out* the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring *out* the *thousand* wars of old,
Ring in the *thousand* years of peace.

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5. Who is this that darkeneth *counsel* by words *without* knowledge?

6. Man's inhumanity to man
Makes *countless thousands* mourn.

7. Cold is thy *brow*, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.

READING BY VOWEL SOUNDS,

Is an excellent practice. The exercise may be given as follows:

Take some poem in which the accent is very pronounced—the "Psalm of Life," for example. Read the first line distinctly and with the required modulation and expression. Then drop the consonants, giving the vowels alone, as they were heard in the first reading, and with the same expression.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

ĕ ē ŏ ī ō ụ ŭ ē

Thus proceed with the other lines.

After a little practice whole poems as well as prose selections may be read thus, with almost as much facility and expression as when the consonants are sounded. There is no better exercise for training the ear to catch the exact sounds of the vowels, and the voice to the habit of bringing out their full value in the words. It is also an excellent practice for modulation.

SENTENCES OF DIFFICULT ARTICULATION.—

In the following sentences, give the difficult words slowly and very precisely at first; then more rapidly, but always with accuracy and distinctness:

1. It fitteth for happiness and leadeth us thither.

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2. It was indubitably an abominable eccentricity.

3. The invincible duplicity of inquisitive men.

4. The listlessness and laziness of the frivolous.

5. The consul should counsel with the counselors.

6. Every government has its history.

7. The incomprehensibility of the article, etymologically considered, is evident.

8. Truly rural, truly rural rationalist. [Repeat.]

9. A big black bug bit a big black bear. "

10. February and June, February and June. "

11. The miserable accompaniment is unnecessary and intolerable.

12. Black babbling brooks break brawling o'er their bounds.

13. Shoes and socks shock Susan. [Repeat.]

14. Sheep soup, shoat soup. "

15. Some shun sunshine. "

16. She sells sea-shells. "

17. Five wives weave withes. "

18. Tie tight Dick's kite. "

19. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

20. She stood at the gate welcoming them in.

21. A great big brig's freight.

22. Three gray geese in a green field grazing,—gray were the geese, green was the grazing.

23. Execrable Xantippe exhibited extraordinary and excessive irritability.

24. Bob beat Ben Brindle's bramble bushes.

25. Ducks, dogs, dandies and donkeys are depredators.

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26. Grandmother's giggling girls have golden goggles got.

27. Wanton wags with woful words the winds bewail.

28. Mr. *Yew*, did *you* say what Mr. *Yew Yaw said* you *said?*

29. I was charmed with the chit-chat of the chubby children dear.

30. Thrilling thunder thriftless throngs the Frith of Forth.

31. Whim-whams, whirligigs and whimpering whirlwinds whirled by.

32. He sweats and boasts, and twists his texts, to suit the several sects.

33. It was a positively and a provokingly pecuniary predicament.

34. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy *tongue*. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

35. It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam; 'tis all a sham, Sam; and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

36. Like the bugle-blown blast where the scimiters shine.

37. They are confusing weak men's ideas, and making weak women's minds weaker.

38. Good blood, bad blood. [Repeat.]

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39. And the columns that were scattered round the
colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen, silent fortress, turned their
belted breasts again.

40. I must decline
To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big, black
block.

41. Amidst the mists and frosts the coldest,
With wrists the barest and heart the boldest,
Thou thrust'st thy fists 'gainst posts the oldest,
And yet insist'st thou still beholdest
The ghastly ghosts in Sixth street.

42. Xeuxis hath fooled birds, but Parrhasius hath fooled Xeuxis.

AN ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION.—

An Austrian army awfully arrayed
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom ;
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray !
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God !
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood !
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines ;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous
mines.
Now noxious, noisy numbers, noting naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought ;

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Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" 'quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! Vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeus', Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all arms against acts appeal.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is more a matter of *habit* than of *knowledge*. The same is true of articulation. The mere *knowledge* of the right way will not correct a mispronunciation, or remove a faulty articulation.

The frequent repetition of the correct way must form the habit that will *crowd out* the wrong way. Knowledge, of course, is necessary, and must always *precede* practice. But it is PRACTICE that effects a reformation.

Standards of pronunciation are, perhaps, more dependent upon custom than upon etymological and accentual laws. As to a large majority of our words, the pronunciations are, no doubt, established; but with regard to a considerable minority, an irrepressible struggle seems to be going on between custom and law, with the former in the vantage ground.

As *uniformity* is desirable, *conformity* to some high standard becomes necessary. And since our best dictionaries constitute that standard, we should appeal to them, and recognize their authority as final.

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Every student should make a list of his own mispronounced words, putting down such, from time to time, as he finds that (through ignorance or habit) he mispronounces or fails to articulate with sufficient distinctness. The teacher, too, should note such words as the pupil may fail to give correctly in his readings and recitations, not only criticising the pupil at the time, but giving him a list of the words, with the vowels and accentuations carefully marked.

The student should practice his list of words daily, giving each word aloud three times with great distinctness, and increasing the rapidity at each pronunciation. A thorough *analysis* of the hardest words, according to the directions already given, would be an excellent and a profitable practice.

That no student may lay claim to infallibility, and that all may fully appreciate the difficulties in pronunciation, and the necessity of frequent appeals to the dictionary, the following literary curiosity is inserted for study and practice :

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.—

One enervating morning, just after the rise of the sun, a youth, bearing the cognomen of Galileo, glided in his gondola over the legendary waters of the lethean Thames. He was accompanied by his allies and coadjutors, the dolorous Pepys and the erudite Cholmondeley, the most combative aristocrat extant, and an epicurean who, for learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies of character, would take precedence of the most erudite of Areopagitic literati.

These sacrilegious *dramatis personæ* were discussing

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in detail a suggestive address, delivered from the proscenium box of the Calisthenic Lyceum by a notable financier, on obligatory hydropathy as accessory to the irrevocable and irreparable doctrine of evolution, which has been vehemently panegyrized by a splenetic professor of acoustics, and simultaneously denounced by a complaisant opponent as an undemonstrated romance of the last decade, amenable to no reasoning, however allopathic, outside of its own lamentable environs.

These peremptory tripartite brethren arrived at Greenwich, to aggrandize themselves by indulging in exemplary relaxation, indicatory of implacable detestation of integral tergiversation and exoteric intrigue. They fraternized with a phrenological harlequin who was a connoisseur in mezzotint and falconry. This piquant person was heaping contumely and scathing raillery on an amateur in jugular recitative, who held that the Pharaohs of Asia were conversant with his theory that morphine and quinine were exorcists of bronchitis.

Meanwhile, the leisurely Augustine of Cockburn drank from a tortoise shell wassail cup to the health of an apotheosized recusant, who was his supererogatory patron, and an assistant recognizance in the immobile nomenclature of interstitial molecular phonics. The contents of the vase proving soporific, a stolid plebeian took from its cerements an heraldic violoncello, and assisted by a plethoric diocesan from Pall Mall, who performed on a sonorous piano-forte, proceeded to wake the clangorous echoes of the Empyrean. They bade the prolix Caucasian gentleman not to misconstrue their inexorable demands, whilst they dined on

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acclimated anchovies and apricot truffles, and had for dessert a wiseacre's pharmacopœia.

Thus the truculent Pythagoreans had a novel repast fit for the gods. On the subsidence of the feast they alternated between soft languor and isolated scenes of squalor, which followed a mechanic's reconnoissance of the imagery of Uranus, the legend of whose incognito related to a poniard wound in the abdomen, received while cutting a swath in the interests of telegraphy and posthumous photography. Meantime, an unctuous orthoepist applied an homeopathic restorative to the retina of an objurgatory spaniel (named Daniel), and tried to perfect the construction of a behemoth, which had got mired in a pygmean slough while listening to the elegiac soughing of the prehistoric wind.

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MODULATION AND EXPRESSION.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear—
'Tis MODULATION that must charm the ear. —*Lloyd.*

Give me, of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines.

* * * * * * * * * *

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman his steed.
—*W. W. Story.*

THE principal elements of Modulation are *pitch*, *force*, and *stress;* while Expression is an inclusive term, comprehending all physical and vocal means for the communication of thought and feeling.

Pitch has already been defined as the elevation and depression of the voice on the musical scale.

Force relates to the loudness of sound, or more properly to the *degree* of *energy;* and Stress to the different ways in which the energy is *applied.*

It is a common fault to confound Pitch with Force. *High* and *low* imply *change of key*, having no reference to *degree of force. Loud* and *soft* refer to the latter, and denote different degrees of *energy*, *volume*, or *power* of voice on the same key, and correspond to *forte* and *piano* in music. The actor may give his "asides" in *low pitch* and in aspirated quality to indicate secrecy, yet the words are given with sufficient *loudness* to be heard by all. The roar of heavy artillery is very low pitch, and the sound of the Æolian harp very high; but the former, though *low*, is *loud*, and the latter, though *high*, is *soft.* Yet, as a general rule, *an elevation in pitch calls for a corresponding increase in force.*

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In the preceding pages, the "mechanics" of Elocution have been given special prominence. The development and culture of Action, Voice, and Articulation have been made the chief work of the student.

In the following pages, this elementary or foundation work should not be neglected, but should be carried into practical and, as soon as possible, *unconscious* application.

In this higher department, to which the attention of the pupil is now called, the intellectual and emotional natures should be more particularly enlisted. Each example should be rendered with the *required expression*—which must be determined largely by the student himself.

The *authority references*, in connection with the illustrative paragraphs in Modulation and Expression, will enable the student to study the "context," which is generally necessary in order to understand the thought and feeling which the words of the passage are intended to convey.

In addition to the examples given in the text-book, the teacher should require advanced pupils to make selections of their own under each rule.

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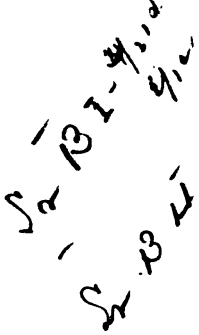

PITCH.

THE degrees of pitch range from the lowest to the highest note within the compass of the voice. For practice, five degrees are usually recognized in elocution, namely: ~~*very low*~~, *low*, *middle*, *high*, and ~~*very high*~~. These include all the intermediate degrees.

After the exercises given under Voice Culture are mastered, the following will be found an excellent practice to increase the *availability* of the voice, for purposes of speech, throughout its compass.

Give the first sentence below with a gradually ascending pitch, from the lowest to the highest note within the compass of the voice, as indicated.

Voices that can command two octaves may give each syllable in the sentence on a successively higher note—running, say, from "G," below "middle C," to the second "G" above. Those having a more limited compass can run up by half tones, or, if that is too difficult, they may give two syllables to each note; this will require but one octave. The commencing tone (*key note*) may be "G," "A," "B," or "C."

Practice thus: First give each syllable of the sentence in the singing voice; then in the half musical; and lastly in the speaking or colloquial voice, exaggerating the interrogative slide on the last syllable by letting the voice run into a very high pitch.

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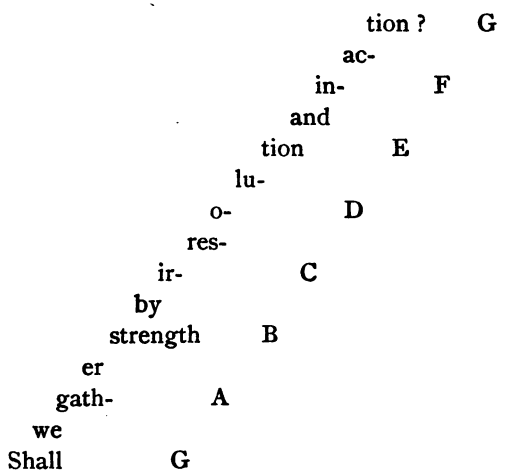

The following additional sentences should be given first as in the foregoing exercise, and then in the speaking voice with the required expression.

1. Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate ?

Paddle your own Canoe. *Mrs. S. T. Bolton.*

2. Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great ?

Id. *Id.*

3. Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely upon our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot ?

Patrick Henry.

A similar practice on the descending scale is indicated on the next page.

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All
gloom—
all
si-
lence—
all
des-
pair!

ADDITIONAL SENTENCES :—

1. How jocund did they drive their team afield!

2. Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Bridge of Sighs. *Hood.*

3. Oh, horrible! horrible! most horrible!

4. O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare*

ASCENDING AND DESCENDING COMBINED :—

1. Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me what is this.

Bernardo del Carpio. *Mrs. Hemans.*

2. Would ye give it up to slaves?
Would ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?—
What's the mercy despots feel?

Warren's Address. *Pierpont.*

3. When this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope,—
Shall moulder cold and low!

Childe Harold, Canto III. *Byron.*

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In unimpassioned styles, such as ordinary conversation, the didactic, the narrative, etc., the Middle Pitch predominates.

In impassioned utterance, as in exultation, anxiety, joy, hailing, and in most of the livelier emotions of excitation, High and Very High Pitch is employed.

While in solemnity, awe, reverence, and generally in doubt, dread, scorn, and sorrow, a Low, and a Very Low pitch of voice is used.

The degree of pitch depends largely upon the earnestness with which the emotion is expressed,—an increase in earnestness calling for a higher pitch and usually for an increase in force. This makes many of the examples under High and Very High pitch interchangeable ; also those under Low and Very Low.

MIDDLE PITCH :—

1. Next to the originator of a good sentence, is the first quoter of it.

2. A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew ;
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

The Sensitive Plant. *Shelley.*

3. There is a river in the ocean. In the severest drought it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Ocean. It is the Gulf Stream.

Physical Geography of the Sea. *Maury.*

4. More potent far may be the look,
Through which the soul to soul conveys
The subtler thought with import clear,
Than spoken words,
Which different meanings may express.

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5. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age and care and pain to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely *the flavor of the mind.* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his painful steps over the burning marle."

Sydney Smith.

HIGH :—

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Memoriam. *Tennyson.*

2. Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is poured!
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale;
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring Flowers. *Mrs. Hemans.*

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3. News of battle! news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavements
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder,—warder! open quickly!
Man,—is this a time to wait?"

Flodden Field. *Aytoun.*

4. Hold! for your lives! . . .
Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Othello, Act. II., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

VERY HIGH :—

1. Boat, ahoy! Boat, ahoy! Boat, ahoy!

2. Bursts the storm on Phocis' walls!
Rise!—or Greece forever falls.

3. Up draw-bridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.

Marmion, Canto VI. *Scott.*

4. The Rhine! the Rhine! our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores to die or to deliver—
We bring thee freedom back!
Go tell the seas, that chain shall bind thee never!
Sound on by hearth and shrine!
Sing through the hills that thou art free forever—
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine!

The Rhine Song. *Mrs. Hemans.*

LOW :—

1. 'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year.

The Closing Year. *Geo. D. Prentice.*

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2. Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose burst,
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift. Bring flowers, pale flowers!

Bring Flowers. *Mrs. Hemans.*

3. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, Act V., Sc. 5. *Shakespeare.*

4. Hush! the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!

Funeral of Wellington. *Tennyson.*

VERY LOW:—

1. Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Night Thoughts. *Young.*

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2. Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead ; and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep : now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth !
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

3. Thou breathest,—and the obedient storm is still ;
Thou speakest,—silent, the submissive wave :
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God ! compared with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream,
And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

4. Eternity !—thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Addison.

5. How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores ;
How it roars anew and thunders
As the strong hull splits and sunders,
And the spent ship, tempest-driven,
On reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars !

The Song of the Sea Wind. *Austin Dobson.*

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FORCE.

FORCE relates to the *degree* of *energy*, not to the *manner* of *applying* it; the latter is the province of STRESS, under which head the principal examples will be given.

The degrees of force are *subdued*, *moderate*, *energetic*, [illegible]. These include the intermediate degrees.

LOUD AND ABRUPT FORCE :—

1. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me by leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
Throw millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Hamlet, Act. V., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

SMOOTH AND SUBDUED FORCE :—

1. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

The Hour of Death. *Mrs. Hemans.*

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IN SUSTAINED FORCE,

The energy is kept up, or *sustained*, throughout the entire sentence or paragraph. The examples under Thorough Stress will be found good practice in sustained force.

Force is the principal element in Emphasis. And since emphasis is so important a factor in the expression of thought and feeling, it will be best, before proceeding further, to give the following :

GENERAL RULES FOR EMPHASIS :—

I. NEW *and* SIGNIFICANT *ideas should be emphasized.*

II. CONTRASTED *ideas should be emphasized.*

The rules of elocution, as of all arts, are to be taken with allowance. They are honored with many exceptions. Hence, they are to be used as general, not special or absolute guides.

EXAMPLES UNDER FIRST RULE :—

1. If *Mr. A.* is pronounced a religious man, the *Cynic* will reply :—" Yes, on Sundays." *Mr. B.* has just joined the church :—" Certainly, the elections are coming on." The *minister of the gospel* is called an example of diligence :—" It is his trade." *Such a man* is generous :—" Of other men's money." *This man* is obliging :—" To lull suspicion and cheat you." *That* man is upright :—" Because he is green."

The Cynic. *H. W. Beecher.*

2. The *peasant*, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The *herdsman*, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The *beggar*, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

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The *saint*, who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The *sinner*, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The *wise* and the *foolish*, the *guilty* and *just*,
Have quietly mingled their bones with the dust.

They *loved*, but the story we cannot unfold;
They *scorned*, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They *grieved*, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They *joyed*, the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

O Why Should the Spirit, etc. *William Knox.*

3. I'm thinking just now of *Nobody*,
And all that Nobody's *done*,
For I've a *passion* for Nobody,
That nobody *else* would own;
I bear the *name* of Nobody,
For from Nobody I *sprung*;
And I *sing the praise* of Nobody,
As nobody *mine has sung*.

Nobody's Song.

EXAMPLES UNDER SECOND RULE :—

1. Who *dotes*, yet *doubts; suspects*, yet strongly *loves*.

2. *Each morning* sees some task *begin*,
Each *evening* sees it *close*.

The Village Blacksmith. *Longfellow.*

3. Yea! *hope* and *despondency*, *pleasure* and *pain*,
We mingle together in *sunshine* and *rain*;
And the *smiles* and the *tears*, the *song* and the *dirge*,
Still follow each other like *surge* upon *surge*.

William Knox.

4. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to *repel* the *aggressor*, and *drag* the *thief* to justice—what *power* soever may *protect* the *villainy*, and *whoever* may *partake* of the *plunder*.

Wm. Pitt.

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MISCELLANEOUS :—

1. The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light,—mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic. *H. W. Beecher.*

2. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man. That he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit. That his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined.

Sydney Smith.

3. Good-by to Flattery's fawning face ;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;
To supple Office, low and high ;
To crowded halls, to court and street ;
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet ;
To those who go and those who come ;
Good-by, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-by. *Emerson.*

STRESS.

Stress always falls upon the *accented syllable* of *emphatic words.*

When the greatest energy of voice is applied to the *first* part of the sound, it is called Radical Stress (from *radix*, root) : to the middle, the Median Stress : to the end, or terminus of the sound, the Terminal Stress. While, practically, the different stresses gradually shade into each other, yet for purposes of explanation and practice they are treated as distinct.

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MONOTONE :— o ————————

In Music, the monotone means a tone in which the pitch and force remain the same from commencement to close.

In Elocution, it is to be taken in a modified sense ; the pitch and force *varying*—but slightly.

The Monotone predominates in solemnity ; and is employed to a limited degree in kindred emotions, such as awe, adoration, and sublimity.

Low pitch and slow time prevail in passages requiring the Monotone.

1. Toll ! toll ! toll !
Thou bell by billows swung.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

Thanatopsis. *Bryant.*

3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Elegy. *Gray.*

4. *Thou shalt not bear false witness*—and thou hast ! *Thou shalt not break thine oath*—and thou hast ! *Thou shalt not steal*—and thou hast stolen my heart ! *Thou shalt do no murder*—and thou hast killed my virgin love !

Deborah, Act II., Sc. 3. *Tr. by C. S. Cheltnam.*

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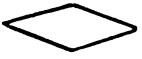
5. I am thy father's spirit:
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 5. *Shakespeare.*

MEDIAN STRESS :—o 

In the Median stress, the tone is gradually increased to the middle, and as gradually diminished into silence. As employed in Elocution, the greatest force is nearer the close.

This is the stress of sorrow. It is also used in joy and grief, if the joy be not too ecstatic nor the grief too poignant. It is also employed to a limited degree in the expression of sentiments of tenderness, and in pleasantry. In this form, it gives a rhythmical or undulating movement to the modulation.

Middle and low pitch, and generally slow time, accompany the median stress.

We have an exceptional use of this stress in revenge, in which the guttural quality of voice is employed.

1. *Cold* is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!

David's Lament over Absalom. *Willis.*

2. O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
* * * * * * *
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!

Hiawatha. *Longfellow.*

3. *Farewell*, a long *farewell* to all my greatness!

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4. AH! *why* will *kings* forget that they are *men!*
And *men*, that they are *brethren!*

5. OH, my *soul's joy!*
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death.
Othello, Act II., Sc 1. *Shakespeare.*

6. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute! how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! That lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee—no more!
The Dying Knight.

7. Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
Marmion, Canto V. *Scott.*

8. O the magnanimity of Rome!

INTERMITTENT STRESS:—o~~~~~

The Intermittent Stress is a trembling of the voice caused by intense feeling. In music, it is known as the "tremor" and the "tremolo." It is used in the expression of grief, pity, weakness, tenderness, ecstasy, exultation, and in excessive degrees of malignant passions.

Although the Intermittent Stress is employed in conjunction with all the stresses, it is generally used in combination with the Median. It intensifies vocal expression when it is *incited* by the emotions employing it. It should not be produced mechanically, except as a vocal drill, and even then it is best that the glottis action be prompted by at least *simulated* feeling.

In the expression of *all* the emotions and passions of

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the mind, it is better to allow the organs of speech to be controlled by the *feelings*, rather than by the *will*.

1. Ah! life is a journey of wearisome hours,
That the rose of enjoyment but seldom adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

O Think not my Spirits. *Moore.*

2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.

The Beggar. *Thos. Moss.*

3. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 6. *Shakespeare.*

4. "Oh, master, make my *father* free!"—
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried.

The Painter of Seville. *Susan Wilson.*

5. "Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild."
"O green is the turf where my brothers play
Through the long, bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady, oh, let me go!"

The Adopted Child. *Mrs. Hemans.*

6. O the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me!
I know not how love is happy elsewhere,
I know not how any but lovers are there.

Banks o' the Lee. *Burns.*

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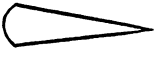
7. Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumèd troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell!
Othello, Act III., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare*

8. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and St. George!
Henry V., Act III., Sc. 1. *Id.*

9. Oh! this spleen swells upwards to my heart,
And heaves for passage! Down, thou climbing rage,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?
King Lear, Act II., Sc. 4. *Id.*

10. Happy! Very, very happy!
You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears
Are signs, you know, of naught but happiness!
When first I saw you, little did I look
To be so happy!——Clifford!
The Hunchback, Act IV., Sc. 2. *J. Sheridan Knowles.*

11. Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.
An Order for a Picture. *Alice Cary.*

EXPULSIVE RADICAL STRESS.—A. 

In this the voice is *pushed* out on the "radical" or first part of the emphatic element. This stress is employed in strong affirmation, dignified oration, in command, etc. The voice takes the falling slides in this and in the Explosive Radical Stress.

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In the practice of the following examples, the student should LET THE VOICE OUT FREELY upon the emphatic words, and in a *full, pure,* and *resonant tone,*—neither *checking* the *sound* nor *cramping* the *throat.* The same directions should be observed in the practice under all the stresses which follow.

1. *Arm!* warriors, ARM! for the fight.

2. *This* is my OWN, my *native land!*

3. *Forth* he came with a martial tread,
Firm was his step, erect his head.
Victor Galbraith. *Longfellow.*

4. What was *Cæsar,* that stood upon the bank of that stream? A *traitor,* bringing *war* and *pestilence* into the *heart* of that country.
Knowles.

5. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once!

6. *Rise,* fathers, RISE! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and avenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or *share* their fate!
Cato. *Addison.*

7. O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey?
Julius Cæsar, Act I., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

8. And do we owe all this to the succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the *tyranny* that drove us from her, to the pelting *storms* that invigorated our helpless infancy.
Otis.

9. *Rise!* RISE! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight.
Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

10. Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!
Bruce's Address. *Burns.*

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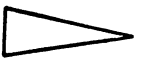
11. BLOW ON! *This* is the land of LIBERTY!
William Tell. *Knowles.*

12. On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!
Spartacus to the Roman Envoys.

EXPLOSIVE RADICAL STRESS.—A. 

This stress, as the name indicates, is an abrupt attack of the voice on the first part of the vocal element in emphatic words, the sound usually diminishing to the close. The emphatic syllable is not prolonged, however, when the vowel element is a *short* vocal, or a *long* vocal *shortened* to give greater intensity to expression.

This form of the radical or abrupt stress is employed in very impassioned utterance—particularly in the expression of *anger* and *scorn*.

In the extreme use of this stress, as also in the two stresses which follow, the student should be careful to control his voice in accordance with the directions given in Voice Culture (p. 62), or a straining of the throat may ensue.

1. *Go*, call the people! OBEY! I *charge* thee.

2. "O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father."
Lord Ullan's Daughter. *Campbell.*

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3. Behold ! these are the tribunes of the people,
The TONGUES of the common mouth. I do DESPISE them !

Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

4. As a Roman, here in your very capital
I do DEFY you !

Regulus to the Carthaginians. *E. Kellogg.*

5. *Avaunt !* BEGONE ! thou'st set me on the rack.

Othello, Act III., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

6. "Try not the pass !" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
"Excelsior."

Excelsior. *Longfellow.*

7. Unmannered dog ! stand thou, when I command !
Advance thy halberd higher than thy breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Richard III., Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

8. I loathe you with my bosom !
I scorn you with mine eye !
And I'll taunt you with my latest breath,
And fight you till I die !

Seminole's Defiance. *G. W. Patten.*

9. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !

Henry V., Act III., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

10. *Hence*, horrible shadow ! unreal mockery, HENCE !

Macbeth, Act III., Sc. 4. *Id.*

11. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens,—whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air,—*I* banish *you !*

Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 3. *Id.*

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TERMINAL STRESS.—A.

The Terminal Stress is the reverse of the Explosive Radical. As its name implies, the greatest energy is upon the terminus of the emphatic element. It is employed in emotions of surprise, fright, peevishness, and impatience.

1. WHAT! Is it POS*sible?*

2. AH!—Mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's GHOST?

Molière.

3. *I* an itching PALM?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the *gods! this* speech were else your last.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

4. OUT of my *sight!* I despise thee.

5. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolingbroke!

K. Henry IV., Pt. I., Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

6. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 3. *Id.*

COMPOUND STRESS:—

This stress is a union of the Radical and Terminal. It is used in extreme surprise, sarcasm, contempt, mockery, impatience, pain, hatred, wrath, and revenge.

This is the most intense form of "abrupt stress,"

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and is often interchangeable with the two preceding stresses.

It is as difficult to analyze, as the passions that employ it are difficult to express. The time is so brief between the "radical" and the "terminal," that a little lengthening of the tone is generally necessary to enable the ear to distinguish the separate impulses of the voice.

1. BACK, slaves! I will return!

2. "Traitor!" I go; but I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your senate!
Catiline. *Croly.*

3. O *kill* me and put me out of my pain!

4. *Gods!* if I could but paint a dying groan!

5. "Tried and convicted traitor!"—WHO *says* this?
Who'll *prove* it at his peril on my head?
Catiline. *Croly.*

6. And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's *blood?*
Julius Cæsar, Act I., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

7. For *them?*—I cannot do it to the *gods;*
Must I then do't to THEM?
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 2. *Id.*

8. "My father's *trade! Bless* me, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you *mad?*
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."
A Modest Wit.

9. O ye gods, ye *gods!* *Must* I endure all THIS?
Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

10. Must I go show them my unbarb'd *sconce?* Must *I,*
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A LIE, that I must *bear?*
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 2. *Id.*

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11. MEND, and CHARGE HOME!
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the FOE,
And make my wars on YOU: Look to it: COME ON!
Coriolanus, Act I., Sc. 4. *Id.*

THOROUGH STRESS:—

This stress is an application of force in which the energy is sustained equally throughout the emphatic element, and generally in a high or a very high pitch. It is used in rapture, triumph, command, shouting, calling, etc.

In passages of Sustained Force, of which the following are examples, this stress continues in a greater or less degree throughout the entire sentence or paragraph. It employs the higher pitches of voice.

1. "Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Tennyson.

2. Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!—
Bid each retainer arm with speed,—
Call every vassal in!
The Baron's Last Banquet. *A. G. Greene.*

3. "Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Independence Bell.

4. Io! they come, they come! garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour ye wine!
Swell, swell the Dorian flute, through the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the Cittern's tone salute the song of victory.
With the offering of bright blood, they have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood;—Io! they come, they come!
Greek Chant of Victory. *Mrs. Hemans.*

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5. To the rock; to the rock with him!

6. A voice came down the wild wind,—
"Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
"Our stout 'Three Bells of Glasgow'
Shall stand till daylight by!"

The Three Bells. *Whittier.*

7. The sea, the sea!—the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round!

The Sea. *Bryan W. Procter.*

8. "Jump! far out, boy, into the wave,
Jump, or I fire!" he said;
"This chance alone your life can save,
Jump! jump!" The boy obeyed.

Leap for Life. *George P. Morris.*

9. Let every Highland glen
Send our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Lady of the Lake, Canto II. *Scott.*

LAUGHTER:—

Laughter employs the *abrupt* stresses. It is as capable of development and culture as the other means of expression. Not only may individual laughter be encouraged and improved, but through practice different kinds may be learned for purposes of *personation.* Laughter—earnest, hearty laughter—is a health-promoting exercise, and one of the best means for strengthening the lungs.

As a preparatory practice, review the exercise called the "glottis stroke" in the chapter on Voice Culture.

A tabulated arrangement of the different kinds of

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laughter is given below, and may be practiced as follows:

First, simply as a vocal drill, then with full expression of hearty laughter. The long vowel, representing the drawl or vocal rest in hearty laughter, should be prolonged obscurely, and the syllable repeated six or more times in quick succession, as shown in the table below.

TABLE VII.

1.	ē	hĭ	hĭ	hĭ	hĭ	hĭ	hĭ	!
2.	ā	hĕ	hĕ	hĕ	hĕ	hĕ	hĕ	!
3.	â	hă	hă	hă	hă	hă	hă	!
4.	ä	hå	hå	hå	hå	hå	hå	!
5.	ạ	hŏ	hŏ	hŏ	hŏ	hŏ	hŏ	!
6.	ō	hŭ	hŭ	hŭ	hŭ	hŭ	hŭ	!
7.	ọ	họ	họ	họ	họ	họ	họ	!

No. 1, in the above table, represents the "giggle." The syllables in this laughter should be given in a high pitch and in a light quality of voice.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 6 may be called models, of which No. 4 is especially *open* and *hearty*.

No. 5 represents a coarse, uncultured laugh that is known as the "horse laugh," or boorish laugh.

No. 7, when given in a close, contracted, husky voice, represents the laugh of the miser. When given in the aspirated orotund quality and on a low or very low pitch, it is the sepulchral or ghostly laugh.

Laughter, however, depends largely upon the *quality* of voice for significance and expression, and it is by no means limited to the above syllables, but it sometimes accompanies the syllables and words of an entire sentence.

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The following selections should be read with the animation and with the expression of laughter which the sense requires:

1. Sir Harcourt fallen desperately in love with me? With me! That is delicious! Ah!—ha! ha! ha! I see my cue. I'll cross his scent—I'll draw him after me. Ho! ho! won't I make love to him? Ha!—Here they come to dinner. I'll commence my operations on the governor immediately. Ha! ha! ha! how I will enjoy it!

London Assurance, Act III., Sc. 1. *Boucicault.*

2. Ye'll be now't but skeen and boans, if you stop here long eneaf. Haw! haw! haw!

Dickens.

3. When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And to make sport,
I puff and snort,
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

4. There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go,
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with hoo, hoo, hoo!

Robin Goodfellow.

5. "What are you looking at, Oliver? At all those handkerchiefs?—There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out ready for the wash. Ho, ho, ho;—o͞o, hoo, hoo, hoo!"

The Miser, in Oliver Twist. *Dickens.*

For further practice, see "The Funny Story," found among the "Selections."

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INFLECTION.

CHANGES in pitch are made in two ways, by *skip* and by *slide*. The former is technically called the *discrete*, the latter the *concrete* movement of the voice. The discrete predominates in Music, the concrete in Speech. In elocution, the slides of the voice are called *inflections*, and are the principal means by which the lights and shades of thought and feeling are expressed.

The rising and falling slides are capable of innumerable combinations.

The rising inflection appeals, the falling asserts. The rising defers to the judgment of the person addressed, the falling declares the judgment of the speaker.

The rising inflection is marked thus (′), the falling thus (̀). The union of these two gives the falling circumflex; the union of the falling and the rising inflections gives the rising circumflex. The union of the falling circumflex and the rising circumflex gives the compound *rising* circumflex; the union of the rising circumflex and the falling circumflex gives the compound *falling* circumflex.

It will be noticed that the final direction of the slide determines the name of the inflection.

The slides of voice vary in length from a half-tone to an octave or more, depending on the degree of energy.

The inflections of the voice vary with every change of thought and emotion, thus giving "the lights and shades" to expression in reading.

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No absolute or infallible directions can be given for the employment of inflections, but the following may serve as

GENERAL RULES:—

I. POSITIVE *ideas take the falling slide.*

II. NEGATIVE *and* CONDITIONAL *ideas take the rising slide.*

EXAMPLES UNDER FIRST RULE:—

1. False Wizard, avaunt`! I have marshaled my clan`;
Their swords are a thousand`, their bosoms are one`!
Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

2. Silence that dreadful bell`! it frights the isle
From her propriety`
Othello, Act II., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

3. Strike`! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike`! for your altars` and your fires`;
Strike`! for the green graves of your sires`,
God`, and your native land`!
Marco Bozzaris. *Halleck.*

4. Be just`, and fear not`.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's`,
Thy God's`, and truth's`; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr`.
Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

EXAMPLES UNDER SECOND RULE:—

1. Not from the grand old masters',
Not from the bards sublime',
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time'.
Day is Done. *Longfellow.*

2. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess be-

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hind'. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder'. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below'; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved', but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed. *Webster.*

3. If we fail, it can be no worse for us'.

4. I will wait for you in the corridor, if you do not stay too long'.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES:—

1. Is it *y*ŏ*u*, or *y*ô*u*?
   It is *y*ô*u*, and not *y*ŏ*u*.

2. It is in studying as in eating—he that does it gets the benefit`, and not he that sees it done'.

3. Not that I loved Cæsar less', but Rome more`.

4. Not enjoyment', and not sorrow',
   Is our destined end or way',
   But to act`, that each to-morrow
   Find us farther than to-day`.

Psalm of Life. *Longfellow.*

5. Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
   Hither and thither and whither—who knows`?
   Who knows`?
   Hither' and thither`—but whither'—who knows`?

Magdalena. *J. F. Waller.*

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6. Who was her father'?
Who was her mother'?
Had she a sister'?
Had she a brother'?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other'?

Bridge of Sighs. *Hood.*

7. We? Ha! ha! you hear,
My liege! What page, man, in the last court grammar
Made you a plural? Count, you have seized the *hireling*',—
Sire, shall I name the master'?

Richelieu, Act IV., Sc. 1. *Bulwer.*

8. How many waste their lives and fritter away their manhood and womanhood in the everlasting query, "What'll they think?" It arranges all their household, fashions their drawing-rooms, their feasts, their equipage, their garments, their sociality, their religion, their everything! Poor hampered souls!

Society abounds in such. Men are often enough of the lot, but women oftener. They have lost all desire to be independent. It is how will the Priggses look at it, that determines them. They must do just as the Priggses do. Out upon the Priggses and all their retinue! Let us have done with "What'll they think?" and bury it with the corpses of the bowing, scraping, cringing, and fawning of feudal days, and universal slave ages.

What'll They Think?

9. O, did you hear what Master Walter says!
Nine times in ten the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are, is naught to what they show;
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn!
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone.

The Hunchback, Act I., Sc. 2. *J. Sheridan Knowles.*

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CADENCE :—

Cadence is a fall of the voice in reading or speaking, made either by skip or slide, generally by the latter. The term is usually applied to that descent of the voice at the end of a sentence which denotes completeness of sense. The length of the skip or slide in cadence is determined (as with the other inflections) by the nature of the thought and the energy and earnestness of the expression.

The cadence or "full stop" in reading is not limited to the grammatical sentence, but when the sense is sufficiently complete is often made at the end of a clause or an auxiliary sentence.

1. One, two, three, four, five. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

2. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and great bowls of punch.

Christmas Carol. *Dickens.*

3. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

4. He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so, he's dead!

5. One Country, one Constitution, one Destiny.

6. I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American.

7. But, oh, what damnèd minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Othello, Act III., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

8. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined', and unknown'.

Childe Harold, Canto IV. *Byron.*

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9. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

In a concluding series of particulars, where the last two are connected by a conjunction, the voice generally takes the rising modulation on the last particular but one. This gives a better "rounding of the period." The eighth number above is a good example of such a "series."

Questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no* generally take the rising inflection ; those that cannot, take the falling.

1. Will you join our party this evening' ?
2. Why did you not call for me` ?

In compound questions, the first usually takes the rising, the last the falling modulation.

1. Will you make your *debut* in San Francisco' or in New York` ?

The repetition of a question with a change of emphasis requires a change in the inflection.

1. Are the people willing' ? 2. Are the *people* willing` ?

While the inflection of the voice is greater in the more emphatic words of the sentence and upon the last word in a question, yet a corresponding modulation prevails through the entire sentence.

Further directions for the employment of the slides are purposely omitted. The cultivation of the voice, the teacher's exemplifications, and the intelligent, though unconscious, guidance of the thought and feeling, are the best means for acquiring the art of modulation.

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TIME.

As already defined, Time relates to *duration*. Its elements are Quantity, Movement, and Pause.

In solemnity and kindred emotions, in expressions indicating long time and great distance, and sometimes in irony and scorn, the *time* is *long*. That is, the *quantity* and *pauses* are *long* and the *movement slow*.

In unimpassioned thought, *moderate* time is generally used.

In energetic and impassioned speech, where the ideas denote great speed, haste, or impatience, *quick* time is employed.

QUANTITY :—

Quantity relates to the duration of voice upon an element, syllable, or word.

As a rule, long quantity is given to the long vowels of the accented syllables of words, and short quantity to the short vowels. But for purposes of expression, the rule is sometimes reversed. For example, the long vowel "ō" in "home" is given with short quantity in the sentence below, when given with the required emphasis :

"*Hence*, HOME ! ye idle creatures, get you HOME ! "

While in the following, the short vowel "ĭ" in "pity" is given with long quantity :

"*Pity* the sorrows of a poor old man ! "

As an exercise in Quantity, practice the following words in different degrees of pitch and with varied force and inflection :

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1. *Long Quantity.*—

eve	serene	meteor
tame	nature	favorite
care	staircase	parentage
palm	plaza	armament
awe	always	awkwardly
home	homeward	potato
prove	toothache	voodooism
tide	tyro	iodine
poise	jointure	voyager
thou	coward	outlawry
new	future	utilize

2. *Short Quantity.*—

it	pretty	pitying
pen	revel	fretfulness
earth	perfect	terminal
apt	cattle	canvassing
task	fasten	craftily
fop	folly	pottery
cup	dusty	buttercup
foot	brooklet	womanly

MOVEMENT:—

Movement relates to the degree of rapidity with which the successive words in the sentence are delivered. It is dependent upon Quantity and Pause.

Slow.—

1. Some, o'er the tongue, the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.

Modulation. *Lloyd.*

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2. Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

The Past. *Bryant.*

3. O thou eternal one! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty one,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more.

God. *Derzhaven.*

4. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Psalm XC.

Moderate.—

1. Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend; so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent.

Julius Cæsar, Act II., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

2. In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail.*

Richelieu, Act II., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

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3. There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

4. Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.

Burke.

Quick.—

1. Quick ! man the life-boat ! See yon bark
That drives before the blast !
There's a rock ahead, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her ?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !

The Life-Boat.

2. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point ! Up with the helm ! Now turn ! Pull hard ! quick ! quick ! quick ! pull for your lives ! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow ! Set the mast in its socket ! hoist the sail ! ah ! ah ! it is too late ! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming ; over they go.

Power of Habit. *Gough.*

3. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet.

Paul Revere's Ride. *Longfellow.*

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4. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.

The Bells. *Poe.*

5. Away!—away! and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We speed like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light.

Mazeppa. *Byron.*

6. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture—away we went in a cloud—pell-mell—helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls—Blueskin flew over the fences—the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run—at last the colt baulked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

London Assurance, Act III., Sc. 1. *Boucicault.*

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PAUSE.

PAUSE is the rest or cessation of voice, separating words, clauses, and sentences in reading and speaking, to render thought and feeling more intelligible and more impressive.

The grammatical construction of language is indicated by marks of punctuation; the rhetorical construction by pauses. Between these is a correspondence which makes the punctuation marks a *general*, but not an *absolute* guide in reading. The longer pauses are usually made where these marks occur; but pauses are often made where they do not occur, though generally of shorter duration.

Since Pause and Movement are elements of Time, the *length* of the pause is determined by the rate of the movement: slow movement calling for long pauses, and rapid movement for short pauses.

RHETORICAL PAUSE:—

The Rhetorical Pause is a term applied to those pauses which generally occur where there are no grammatical separations. The more important of them are made,

First, where there is a sudden interruption or change in the thought or emotion;

Second, where words are omitted to avoid repetition, to give terseness to the expression, or to shorten the line in metrical composition; and,

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Third, where the pause is made *before* the utterance of important thought, to excite curiosity or expectancy; or *after*, to give the hearer time to grasp the full meaning of the emphatic idea.

1. If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see; let me see:

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

It is not so; it begins with "Pyrrhus."

Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

2. Ay, sir, but *while the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.

Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 2. *Id.*

3. Some—place the bliss in action, some—in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and—contentment, these.

4. He plunged, he crossed, and Rome was free—no more!

Crossing of the Rubicon. *Knowles.*

5. Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which with thy crust
And water may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

6. Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
The bright—the beautiful, is now a piece of bleeding clay!

Mary Queen of Scots. *Bell.*

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7. O God! what emotions the speaker awoke;
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven;
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven.

Mrs. Welby.

8. Put out the light, and then—put out *the* light?
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

Othello, Act V., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

There is a cessation or rest of the voice that sometimes occurs in poetic verse called the

CESURAL PAUSE:—

1. Hope springs eternal | in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Essay on Man. *Pope.*

2. Pealed their first notes | to sound the march of time.

3. On beds of green sea-flowers | thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones | the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks | threads of amber be made,
And every part suit | to thy mansion below.

The Mariner's Dream. *Diamond.*

In the reading of metrical composition, avoid a singsong movement of the voice. While there is a rhythm in poetry that should be observed, the *sense* should never be sacrificed to the measure.

Pauses should also be made before or after

INVERTED WORDS AND PHRASES:—

An inverted word is one that, for poetic or rhetorical

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purpose, is set out of its usual or grammatical order. When carried forward, the pause is made *before* the word; when brought back, it is made *after*. The same is true of inverted phrases.

The following are examples:

1. His coward lips did from their color—*fly*.

2. Through glades and gloom the mingled measure stole,
   Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
   Round—a holy calm diffusing.

3. *Of all crimes*—ingratitude is the most shameful.

Besides the foregoing uses of this element of Time, Pause is the most important factor in "Rhetorical Analysis," and in "Rhythmus and Melody of Speech."

Pauses furnish resting places for the voice in reading and speaking, and afford the only and requisite opportunities for taking breath.

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RHETORICAL ANALYSIS OR GROUPING.

GROUPING of thought is a vocal analysis that holds about the same relation to spoken language as grammatical analysis does to written.

The elements with which Rhetorical Analysis is chiefly concerned are Pitch, Pause, Time, and Stress. By means of these, the leading and subordinate ideas of the sentence may be given their relative value. The principal thought or statement should be placed, as it were, in the foreground of the rhetorical perspective; the less important in the more remote or middle-ground; and the least important or "parenthetic" ideas in the background of the rhetorical perspective.

To show the value of this principle, and the importance of "rhetorical analysis" to correct reading and speaking, read the following sentence, first, with uniform emphasis, pitch, and time, and without pause, and note the confusion of ideas. Then read it with the required emphasis, pause, etc., as indicated.

It was the owl that shrieked the fatal bell-man
Which gives the stern'st good-night.

IT WAS THE OWL THAT SHRIEKED, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Practice the following examples until every shade in

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the expression of the thought and feeling is clearly brought out.

1. Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

An Order for a Picture. *Alice Cary.*

2. The oak one day addressed the reed.

3. The ocean old, centuries old,
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.

Building of the Ship. *Longfellow.*

4. But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Elegy. *Gray.*

5. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.

Othello, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

6. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman,
Was greater than a king!

Rienzi. *Mitford.*

7. The atrocious crime of being a young man, which, with so much spirit and decency, the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny.

Pitt.

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8. Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud.
* * * * * * *
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war;
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd;
Hosts dropp'd their arms, and trembled as they heard.

From the Iliad. *Pope's Tr.*

9. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Twelfth Night, Act II., Sc. 4. *Shakespeare.*

10. Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But that forsaken, we like comets err;
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Congreve.

11. And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

Marmion, Canto VI. *Scott.*

12. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feeling caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both are finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both.

Essay on Shakespeare. *De Quincey.*

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13. Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every laugh so merry draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. *John Wolcott.*

14. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer,
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

In "simile," *the thing compared* is more important than that *to which* it is likened. Hence, the *latter* must always be made subordinate to the *former*.

The eighth and ninth exercises above contain good examples of the simile.

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EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS, in its widest signification, comprehends the various vocal means by which thought and emotion are made significant and impressive. Emphasis is given in the following three ways:

I. BY FORCE:—

BACK to thy punishment.

II. BY TIME:—

He gave one long lingering look behind.

III. BY SLIDE:—

1. I come to bu'ry` Cæsar, not to prai"se him'.
2. *O*`, cer'tainly`, the elec'tions` are coming on`.
3. Thou For'tune's` champion, thou dost never fight'
   But when her humorous lady'ship` is by
   To teach thee safe'ty`!

King John, Act III., Sc 1. *Shakespeare.*

The above means for giving emphasis are generally used in conjunction, and when so used, one of them usually predominates and characterizes the emphasis.

FORCE predominates in impassioned thought.

TIME, in the expression of solemnity, awe, sublimity, reverence, endearment, etc., and to denote long time and great distance.

SLIDE predominates in contrasted ideas, in irony, ridicule, etc., and generally in scorn.

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The practical application of the foregoing rules and principles will be found in the following sentences.

1. *Rouse*, ye Romans! ROUSE, ye *slaves!*

Rienzi. *Mitford.*

2. From every hill, by every sea,
In shouts proclaim the great decree,
"All chains are burst, all men are free!"
Hurrah, HURRAH, HURRAH!

3. The war is inevitable, and *let it come!* I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME!

Patrick Henry.

4. Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your scepters; take the rod and ax,
And make the murder, as you make the law!

Catiline. *Croly.*

5. Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

6. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth.
Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Henry IV., Part I., Act V., Scs. 2 and 3. *Shakespeare.*

7. Up and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

8. He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one l o n g d e e p t r o u b l e d look, then turned from that sad place!

Bernardo del Carpio. *Mrs. Hemans.*

9. The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

The Light-House. *Moore.*

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10. Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Lady of the Lake, Canto I. *Scott.*

11. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

12. Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime!

Childe Harold, Canto IV. *Byron.*

13. And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan t w e n t y m i l e s a w a y!

Sheridan's Ride. *T. B. Read.*

14. We live in deeds^, not years'; in thought^, not breath';
In feelings^, not in figures on a dial';
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Festus. *Bailey.*

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15. They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born—
That I—ha! ha!—must die!

Baron Rudiger. *A. G. Greene.*

16. For he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—heaven save the mark—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti—for an inward bruise.

Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

17. "Thou art a cobbler, art thou?"
"Truly, sir, *all* that I live by is with the *awl.*"

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Sc. 1. *Id.*

18. "Very well, ma'am, very well! So a husband 'is to have no influence—no authority!"

"*Authority?* *No*, to be sure! If you wanted *authority* over me, you should have *adopted* me, and not *married* me; I am sure you were *old* enough."

The School for Scandal, Act I., Sc. 2. *Sheridan.*

Emphasis is *relative*—not *absolute.* There is no such thing as *emphasis* and *not* emphasis in reading and speaking. *All* thought that is voiced is *relatively emphatic.* The *difference* is only in *degree.* There *may* be different readings of the same sentence by different persons (or by the *same* person), and both be correct, or at least admissible.

In poetically constructed, in complex, and in involved sentences, misapplied emphasis is a common fault. To ascertain the relative importance of the words and ideas in such sentences, the words should be so trans-

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posed as to put the sentence into its simplest and most prosaic form. What is found to be more significant in this form, remains so in its complex or poetical construction.

Except for special purposes and to a limited extent, the endeavor to indicate degrees of emphasis by means of type, is more misleading than helpful. The same is true regarding signs of inflection for modulation.

After a certain amount of practice is had under rules in accordance with general principles, the best plan is to study the sentence or paragraph until the mind has become thoroughly imbued with the thought and feeling, and then it should be read *as thought* and *felt*. The emphasis, as well as the other elements of expression, will then generally take care of themselves.

ANTITHESIS :—

Antithesis relates to words and sentiments that are compared, contrasted, or opposed in meaning.

The antithesis of ideas is brought out by emphasis, according to the rule already given for "contrasted ideas." Emphasis by modulation or slide characterizes the expression of antithetic thought. A change of inflection generally occurs in the emphasis of antithetic ideas. If it is the falling inflection in *one*, it is the rising in the *other*. The contrasted idea is sometimes *implied*.

1. Striving to *better*, oft we mar what's *well*.

2. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars*,
But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings.
Julius Cæsar, Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

3. Give it an *understanding*, but no *tongue*.
Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 2. *Id.*

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4. I must be *cruel*, only to be *kind*;
Thus *bad begins*, and *worse remains behind*.
Hamlet. Act III., Sc. 4. *Id.*

5. Our new heraldry is—*hands*, not *hearts*.
Othello, Act III., Sc. 4. *Id.*

6. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I., Sc. 1. *Id.*

7. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Id.*

8. Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

9. Oh! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
K. Henry IV., Part I., Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

10. You will find it less easy to uproot faults than choke them by gaining virtues.

11. A maiden's wrath has two eyes—one blind, the other keener than a falcon's.

12. The storm that rends the oak uproots the flower.

13. Man cannot make—but may ennoble fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust,
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.
Lucile. *Owen Meredith.*

14. Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

15. But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.
Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

16. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey

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a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.

Pizarro, Act II., Sc. 2. *R. B. Sheridan.*

17. I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm.

Manfred, Act I., Sc. 2. *Byron.*

18. It was midnight when I listened,
And I heard two voices speak;
One was harsh, and stern, and cruel,
And the other soft and weak.

The Two Voices. *Adelaide A. Proctor.*

EMPHATIC REPETITION :—

When words are repeated for the sake of emphasis, they should be given with increased energy at each repetition. An elevation of the voice in *pitch* usually accompanies an increase in *force.*

1. *Seize,* SEIZE the traitor!

2. Weapons, *weapons,* WEAPONS!

3. Peace, *peace,* PEACE; stay, hold, PEACE!

4. *Rise!* oh RISE!
Sound, SOUND, that all the universe may hear!

5. *Alas!* ALAS! I know not:
Friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living:
Pray, my sisters, *pray* for all!

Angels of Buena Vista. *Whittier.*

6. Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

The Light Brigade. *Tennyson.*

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7. Off, off, you base and hireling pack!

8. Room, my lords, room! The minister of France
Can need no intercession with the king.

Richelieu, Act IV., Sc. 1. *Bulwer.*

9. O! base, base, base!
This pardons Herod in the eye of heaven.
Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word! not one word!

10. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!

Lord Chatham.

CLIMAX:—

Climax is an arrangement of thought in which the successive ideas rise in importance towards the close of the sentence.

The members of the series which compose the climax may be words, phrases, or sentences. Each successive member should be given with increased energy and earnestness, the last member of the series receiving the greatest emphasis, when the "climax" is said to be reached.

The rule for climax applies, to a certain extent, to Amplification and Enumeration, illustrations of which are included in the following examples:

DARE NOT
must not, grant
I will not, your
wish.

1. We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; *laurels to gather;* and INJURIES TO AVENGE!

Napoleon.

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2. Each hour *dark fraud*,
Or OPEN RAPINE, or PROTECTED MURDER,
Cry out against them.

3. Friendship was its inhabitant; love was its inhabitant; domestic affection was its inhabitant; liberty was its inhabitant!—all bounded by the stream of the Rubicon.

Passing of the Rubicon. *Knowles.*

4. Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.

Miles Standish. *Longfellow.*

5. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totter to the foundation.

6. Patricians! They have pushed me to the gulf:—
I have worn down my heart, wasted my means,
Humbled my birth, bartered my ancient name,
For the rank favor of the senseless mass.

Catiline. *Croly.*

7. To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er the scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,—
Commanding tears to stream through every age.

Prologue to Addison's Cato. *Pope.*

8. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, every sentiment of honor, every generous feeling of humanity!

On the Employment of Indians in War. *Lord Chatham.*

9. The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

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Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Tempest, Act IV., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

10. Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 3. *Id.*

11. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time?
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?

Oroonoko, Act II., Sc. 2. *Thos. Southern.*

12. I found France rent asunder;
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the market and schism in the temple;
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have recreated France; and, from the ash
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove!

Richelieu, Act I., Sc. 2. *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

ANTI-CLIMAX is an arrangement of ideas in which the members forming the series stand in the reverse order from that of Climax. It occurs in the expression of sorrow, weakness, and despair.

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SIGNIFICANCE OF MODULATION, EMPHASIS, AND PAUSE.

The study of the following sentences will show the importance of proper modulation and the correct placing of emphasis and pause. Most of the punctuation marks are purposely omitted.

1. The man who is in the daily use of alcoholic liquors if he does not become a drunkard is in danger of losing his health and character.

2. She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

Othello, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

3. The dog would have died if you hadn't cut his head off.

4. Your honor is right and I am wrong as your honor usually is.

5. Where is the man? There he is madam drunk as you behold.

6. Hang out the banners on the outward wall the cry is still they come.

Macbeth, Act V., Sc. 5. *Shakespeare.*

7. There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Roughhew them how we will.

Hamlet, Act V., Sc. 2. *Id.*

8. Thou foundest me an enemy, thou leavest me a friend.

9. The wicked flee when no man pursueth but the righteous is bold as a lion.

10. He moves a god resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.

Iliad. *Homer.*

11. A fellow in a market town
Most musical cries razors up and down.

The Razor-Seller. *John Wolcott.*

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12. My hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red.

Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare*

13. How fleet is a glance of the mind
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

Alexander Selkirk. *Cowper.*

14. The king himself has followed her
When she has walked before.

Mary Blaize. *Goldsmith.*

15. The judge in passing sentence on John said that he was not guilty.

16. He had a patient lying at Death's door
Some three miles from the town it might be four.

17. He tenderly led from the court-room
Himself the guilty child.

Guilty or not Guilty.

18. If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son.

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TRANSITION.

TRANSITION is the name given to those abrupt changes in pitch, force, time, and quality, employed for expression in reading and speaking.

The strongest effects in dramatic expression are made by means of Transition. The highest vocal and physical qualifications are necessary for its effective application in passages that require marked changes in pitch, time, force, and "action."

An important application of Transition is in the passing from one character to another in personation.

A *pause* of greater or less duration generally takes place at the *transition.*

1. So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
   The main she will traverse forever and aye;
   Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!—
   Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last!

Mrs. Browning.

2. At first a universal shriek there rushed,
   Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
   Of echoing thunder;—then all was hushed,
   Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
   Of billows.

The Shipwreck. *Byron.*

3. The combat deepens.—On, ye brave,
   Who rush to glory or the grave!

Hohenlinden. *Campbell.*

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4. Lo! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!

Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

5. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

Barbara Frietchie. *Whittier.*

6. They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled the ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

Marco Bozzaris. *Halleck.*

7. "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Marmion, Canto VI. *Scott.*

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8. "Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown e'er it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of the ashes to poison the gale"—
—"Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albyn a destiny meet
So black with dishonor—so foul with retreat."

Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

9. "By the God that made thee, Randolph,
Tell us what mischance hath come!"
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

Flodden Field. *Aytoun.*

10. If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day from the newspapers to the standard authors—but who dare speak of such a thing?

Emerson.

11. [*Sir Peter.*] Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

[*Lady Teazle.*] Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too.

School for Scandal, Act I., Sc. 2. *R. B. Sheridan.*

12. [*Sir P.*] This, madam, was your situation, and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

[*Lady T.*] Well, then—and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is—

[*Sir P.*] My widow, I suppose?

[*Lady T.*] Hem! hem!

Id. *Id.*

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QUALITY.

FOR definitions of the different qualities of voice, see pages 63 and 64. Examples for practice are given below.

PURE :—

1. How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

Creeds of the Bells. *Bungay.*

2. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Merchant of Venice, Act V., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

3. O thou that roll'st above, round as the shield of my fathers!
Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?

Address to the Sun. *Ossian.*

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4. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Childe Harold, Canto IV. *Byron.*

IMPURE :—

1. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "Silence along the lines! not a word—not a word, on the peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town:—we will meet there in victory or die!"

Death-bed of Benedict Arnold. *Geo. Lippard.*

2. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness.

The Dying Knight.

3. A-ha! the veil! the veil!—it was empoisoned!

Medea, Act III. *Matilda Heron.*

4. My dream was lengthened after life;
Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!
* * * * * *
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream!

Richard III., Act I., Sc. 4. *Shakespeare.*

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5. Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
"It is a dread and awful thing to die!"

6. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

IMITATIVE MODULATION.

The correspondence between *sound* and *sense* is, perhaps, more marked in the English language than in any other. The sound and modulation of the words—the elements themselves—have a significance that every orator and actor appreciates, and seeks to make effective in the communication of thought and feeling.

Give each of the following words in that quality suggested by its meaning:

Rough, smooth, light, thin, heavy, tough, brittle, husky, harsh, chuckle, quick, slow, click, crash, splash, whizz, boom, patter, rumble, groans, tinkle, bellow, buzz, bubble, bells, tolls.

The following sentences are good illustrations of Imitative Modulation, and will be found excellent for practice:

1. Down the *rough* slope the *ponderous* wagon *rings*;
Through *rustling* corn the hare astonished *springs*;
Slow tolls the village clock the *drowsy* hour;
The partridge *bursts* away on *whirring* wings.

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2. Hark ! how the sign-board *creaks !* The blast *howls* by !
Moan ! moan ! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky !
The Gambler's Wife. *Coates.*

3. The shard-borne beetle with its drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal.
Macbeth, Act III., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

4. There crept
A little, noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

5. And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy ;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'Twas the trilling of a linnet ;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush.
Magdalena. *J. F. Waller.*

6. With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge, round stone.
The Odyssey, XI., 726. *Homer.*

7. Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
The Cataract of Lodore. *Southey*

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8. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal gates, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder!

Paradise Lost, Book II. *Milton.*

9. Two craggy rocks, projecting from the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.

Odyssey, III., 118. *Pope's Tr.*

10. Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough voice should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Essay on Criticism, Part II. *Pope.*

11. Dire Scylla there a scene of *horror* forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms;
When the tide *rushes* from her *rumbling caves*,
The *rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.*

The Iliad. *Pope's Tr.*

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RHYTHMUS AND MELODY.

RHYTHMUS and Melody are important factors in the expressive rendering of poetry and well written prose.

Rhythmus is mainly dependent upon accent; Melody, upon modulation.

Rhythmus is not "sing song,"—a common fault in the reading of poetry that should be avoided. It is that gliding movement, noticeable in well spoken language, that gives melody to speech.

Rhythmus and Melody are further explained and illustrated under their more practical heading,

MEASURE OF SPEECH:—

The alternate *heavy* and *light* action of the voice running through all speech, is caused by a regular *action* and *reaction* of the larynx, a phenomenon peculiar to all muscular effort. In the case of the larynx, it is produced "by a slight but decided action between the *thyroid* and *cricoid* cartilages, which occasions an alternate tension and relaxation of the vocal cords." In words, we recognize it in the accented and unaccented syllables; in sentences, in the *percussive* and *remiss* action of the voice in what may be called *speech-words*. A speech-word may be one word or several words over which the voice is carried by a single impulse.

The percussive action of the voice corresponds to *accent;* the remiss action to *unaccent*, as illustrated in the following words and sentences.

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The accent is marked thus (*) ; the unaccent, thus (–).

1. in'–ter–est.
* – –
in'–ter–est–ed.
* – – –
in'–ter–est–ed–ness.
* – – – –

2. Land–of–the | west.
* – – *

3. Down in the | valley the | distant lights | quiver,
* – – * – – * – – * –
Gilding the | hard frozen | face of the | river.
* – – * – – * – – * –

Measure of speech reveals the close analogy existing between *speech* and *song*.

Rhythmus, as seen, divides language into speech-words of about equal lengths, corresponding to *measure* in music. The percussive action of the voice, as with accent in music, falls upon the first syllable of the speech-word or measure. The *pauses* in speech correspond to the *rests* in music.

The markings of the following examples should not be regarded as absolute, but relative. The notations would vary with the different readings and the different interpretations that might be given.

In reading the marked paragraphs below, *do not try too hard*. Too great an effort may defeat your purpose. Read the lines easily, glidingly, naturally, and you will find that the rhythmus, melody and movement will more nearly accord with the notations given.

The practice of exercises in Measure of Speech will encourage and develop a *gliding movement*, that will

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counteract the tendency toward pronouncing the words of a sentence as though they were separate and of equal importance.

In the following exercises, the rests are represented thus (7), and the measures are separated by the "bar" (|), as in music :

1. 7 On | Linden, | 77 | 7 when the | sun was | low, |
* – * – * – – * – * –

All 7 | bloodless | 77 | lay the un- | trodden | snow, |
* – * – * – – * – * –

77 | 7 And | dark as | winter | 7 was the | flow
* – * – * – * – – * –

7 Of | Iser | rolling | rapidly. | 77 | 77 |
* – * – * – * – –

7 But | Linden | 77 | saw an- | other | sight |
* – * – * – * – * –

7 When the | drums | beat | 7 at | dead of | night, |
* – – * – * – * – * –

7 Com- | manding | fires of | death | 7 to | light |
* – * – * – * – * – * –

7 The | darkness | 7 of her | scenery.
* – * – * – – * – –

Hohenlinden. *Campbell.*

2. O, 7 | green was the | corn | 7 as I | rode on my | way, |
* – * – – * – * – – * – – *

7 And | bright was the | dew | 7 on the | blossoms of |
* – * – – * – * – – * – –

May, |
* –

7 And | dark was the | sycamore's | shade to be- | hold, |
* – * – – * – – * – – * –

7 And the | oak's tender | leaves | 7 were of | em'rald
* – – * – – * * – – * –

and | gold.
– * –

A Summer Journey. *Reginald Heber.*

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3. 7 I | sift the | snow | 7 on the | mountain be- | low, |
7 And the | great | pines | groan a- | ghast ; 77 |
7 And | all the | night | 7 'tis my | pillow | white, |
7 While I | sleep in the | arms of the | blast.

The Cloud. *Shelley.*

4. 7 But | here's a | parchment | 7 with the | seal of | Cæsar ; | 77 |
7 I | found it | 7 in his | closet : | 77 | 7 'tis his | will ; | 77 | 77 |
Let but the | commons | hear | 7 this | testament | 77 |
(Which, 7 | pardon me, | 7 I | do not | mean to | read), — | 77 |
77 | 7 And | they would | go | 7 and | kiss | dead 7 | Cæsar's | wounds, | 77 |
7 And | dip their | napkins | 7 in his | sacred | blood; |
77 | Yea, | 77 | beg a | hair of him | 7 for | memory, | 77 |
And 7 | dying, | 77 | mention it within their | wills, |
77 | 7 Be- | queathing it | 7 as a | rich 7 | legacy | 77 |
Unto their | issue.

Julius Cæsar, Act III., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

5. O, | 7 that my | heart must for- | ever | 7 be | sighing ! | 77 |
O, | 7 that the | hopes of my | youth | 7 must be | dying ! | 77 | 77 |
Sunshine and | shadow | 7 with | shadows in- | creasing ; | 77 |
Joy mixed with | sorrow, | 7 the | sorrows ne'er | ceasing. | 77 | 77 |
Why will the | clouds | 7 in my | sky | 7 be so | lowering ? | 77 |
Why will the | skies | 7 not be | clear | 7 after | showering ? | 77 | 77 |
Echoes | 7 my | soul | 7 not a | hint to these | queries ; | 77 |

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Question on | question | 7 my | troubled 7 | heart 7 | wearies. | 77 | 77 |
O, | 7 that the | clouds | 7 from my | heaven | 7 would | open ! | 77 |
O, | 7 for some | love-laden | dove | 7 with | love's 7 | token !

6. 7 My | ancestors | came from old | Sparta, | 7 and | settled a- | mong the | vine-clad | rocks | 7 and | citron | groves of | Cyra- | sella. | 77 | 77 | 7 My | early | life | 7 ran | quiet as the | brooks | 7 by | which I | sported ; | 77 | 7 and | when | 7 at | noon, | 7 I | gathered the | sheep | 7 be- | neath the | shade, | 7 and | played upon the | shepherd's | flute, | 7 there was a | friend, | 7 the | son of a | neighbor, | 7 to | join me in the | pastime. | 77 | 77 | 7 We | led our | flocks to the | same | pasture | 7 and par- | took to- | gether | 7 our | rustic | meal.

Spartacus. *Kellogg.*

7. 7 And he | showed me a | pure | river of | water of | life, | 77 | clear as | crystal, | 7 pro- | ceeding | out of the | throne of | God | 7 and of the | Lamb. | 77 | 77 | 7 In the | midst of the | street of it, | 7 and on | either | side of the | river, | 7 was | there the | tree of | life, | 7 which | bare | twelve | manner of | fruits, | 7 and | yielded her | fruit | every | month : | 77 | 7 and the | leaves of the | tree | 7 were for the | healing of the | nations.

Revelation, xxii. 1 *and* 2.

8. Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Day is Done. *Longfellow.*

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9. Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth;
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth;
Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth;
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Marion Moore. *Jas. G. Clark.*

10. Now the world slopes away to the afternoon sun—
Steady one! steady all! The down grade has begun.
Let the engines take breath, they have nothing to do,
For the law that swings worlds will whirl the train through.

Streams of fire from the wheels,
Like flashes from the fountains;
And the dizzy train reels
As it swoops down the mountains:
And fiercer and faster
As if demons drove tandem
Engines "Death" and "Disaster!"

From dumb Winter to Spring in one wonderful hour;
From Nevada's white wing to Creation in flower!
December at morning tossing wild in its might—
A June without warning and blown roses at night!

Overland Train. *Benj. F. Taylor.*

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STYLE.

But when he speaks, what Elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows:
The copious accents fall with easy art,
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.

Iliad, Book III. *Homer* [*Pope's Tr.*]

THE Colloquial constitutes the basis of all other styles. It is the golden thread that runs through the warp and woof of speech. It is to this that the attention of the student should first be called.

More practice is needed in the colloquial style of reading and speaking than in any other. There is far too much declaiming in the declamatory, too much of the dramatic in drama, and not enough talking anywhere.

In impassioned expression, the colloquial may be lost for awhile, like some of the streams of California, to reappear farther down the channel of thought.

In many of the paragraphs given below, in which the colloquial predominates, other styles that contribute to the mixed emotions frequently appear, and should not be ignored.

The Colloquial prevails in the Narrative, the Descriptive, the Didactic, and in Dialogue and Drama.

The Parliamentary and Declamatory styles predominate in Deliberative Address, in Recitation, and in Oratory.

In the portrayal of the Passions, the Dramatic style prevails, and is largely characterized by "Action."

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Personation is the representing of different characters. Its scope comprises and utilizes all the different styles employed in vocal and physical expression.

In exemplifying the various styles, the student should first study each selection until the general spirit, the pervading thought and emotion of the passage, is well understood and *felt*, and then he should endeavor to render it in the most natural manner consistent with the required expression.

These directions should be followed in the study and practice of all the exercises given for elocutionary drill.

The different emotions embodied in language should be studied and practiced by the student until the words—and the *emotions*, if possible—become his own, and will prompt to the same expression as would similar passions uncoerced by the will. This is the highest attainment in the art, and one which every student of elocution should aim to reach.

That this ideal standard may be attained, is clearly shown in the following lines from Hamlet after his interview with the players :

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her workings, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ?

1. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?

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Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference,—as, the icy fang,
The churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
" This is no flattery,—these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It, Act II., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

2. Laugh, if you like to! Laugh till you're gray ;
But I guess you'd laugh another way
If you'd hit your toe, and fallen like me,
And cut a bloody gash in your knee,
And bumped your nose and bruised your shin,
Tumbled over the rolling-pin
That rolled to the floor in the awful din
That followed the fall of the row of tin
That stood upon the dresser.

Bitter Sweet. *Holland.*

3. " Hush, Rip," cried she, " hush, you little fool ; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. " What is your name, my good woman ? " asked he.

" Judith Gardenier."

" And your father's name ? "

" Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him ; but whether he shot himself, or was carried

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away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

Rip Van Winkle. *Irving.*

4. Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see! he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too,—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

Tom. *C. F. Woolson.*

5. "Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

Wreck of the Hesperus. *Longfellow*

6. And there they hid:
And Ruben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint and see what the' is to see.
* * * * *
"Hush!" Ruben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder,—I see his head.

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He stretches it out,
And pokes it about,
Looking to see if the coast is clear,
An' anybody near ;—
Guess he don'o who's hid in here ! "

Darius Green. *Trowbridge.*

7. "You think because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness ;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken gown or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

* * * * * * *

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding ;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

The Wife. *Whittier.*

8. The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child,—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation,—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters, and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance ; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him.

Essay on Domestic Life. *Emerson.*

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9. So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears
Standing in her mild blue eyes, and in the porch
Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went;
The winter passed; another summer warmed
The quiet pools; another autumn tinged
The grape with red, yet, while it hung unplucked,
The mother ere her time was carried forth
To sleep among the solitary hills.
A long still sadness settled on that home
Among the mountains. The stern father there
Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,
And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one
Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,
Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round it set
Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.

Sella. *Bryant.*

10. Now, Caudle, you hear me; it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day?—like nobody else's children!

What was the matter with them? Oh, Caudle! how can you ask? Weren't they all in their thick merinos and beaver bonnets?

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it, the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle dear! what a man you are! I know you will give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well-dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

Caudle Lectures. *Douglas W. Jerrold.*

11. Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;

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There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

* * * * * * * *

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

The Planting of the Apple-Tree. *Bryant.*

12. Then the corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple),—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before,—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing—
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor:—
"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill. *Holmes.*

13. Now in an ancient town, that had sunk low,—
Trade having drifted from it while there stayed
Too many, that it erst had fed, behind,—
There walked a curate once at early day.

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It was summer time ; but summer air
Came never, in its sweetness, down that dark
And crowded alley,—never reached the door
Whereat he stopped,—the sordid, shattered door.
He paused, and, looking right and left, beheld
Dirt and decay, the lowering tenements
That leaned toward each other; broken panes
Bulging with rags, and grim with old neglect ;
And reeking hills of formless refuse, heaped
To fade and fester in a stagnant air.

The Monitions of the Unseen. *Jean Ingelow.*

14. It was then that Matilda herself seized the hand
Of Lucile in her own, and uplifted her ; and
Thus together they entered the house.
'Twas the room
Of Matilda.
The languid and delicate gloom
Of a lamp of pure white alabaster, aloft
From the ceiling suspended, around it slept soft.
The casement oped into the garden. The pale,
Cool moonlight stream'd through it. One lone
Nightingale sung aloof in the laurels.
And here, side by side,
Hand in hand, the two women sat down undescried,
Save by guardian angels.
They
Look'd indeed, like two flowers upon one drooping
stem,
In the soft light that tenderly rested on them.
All that soul said to soul in that chamber, who knows ?
All that heart gained from heart ?
Leave the lily, the rose,
Undisturbed with their secret within them. For who
To the heart of the floweret can follow the dew ?
You heard
Pass'd from earth up to heaven the happy watch word,
"All is well ! all is well !"

Lucile. *Bulwer.*

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15. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest ;—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV., *Sc.* I. *Shakespeare.*

16. Oh, my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death !
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Othello, Act II., Sc. I. *Shakespeare.*

17. My voice is still for war !
Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death ?

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No ! let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe ; break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;
Rise, and avenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate ! The slain of half her senate
Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame ! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, " To battle ! "

Cato, Act II., Sc. 1. *Addison.*

18. What is 't to me, if all have stooped in turn !
Does fellowship in chains make bondage proud ?
Does the plague lose its venom if it taint
My brother with thyself ? Is 't victory,
If I but find stretched by my bleeding side
All who came with me in the golden morn,
And shouted as my banner met the sun ?
I cannot think on't. There's no faith in earth !
The very men with whom I walked through life,
Nay, till within this hour, in all the bonds
Of courtesy and high companionship,
They all deserted me ; Metellus, Scipio,
Æmilius, Cato, even my kinsman Cæsar.
All the chief names and senators of Rome,
This day, as if the heavens had stamped me black,
Turned on their heel, just at the point of fate ;
Left me a mockery, in the rabble's midst,
And followed their plebeian consul, Cicero !
This was the day to which I looked through life ;
And it has failed me—vanished from my grasp,
Like air.

Tragedy of Catiline. *Croly.*

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19. Begone then, insolent!
Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus?
Ay! watch the features well that threaten thee
With fraud and danger! In the wilderness
They shall avenge me—in the hour of want
Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
How innocent I am:
And this remembered cowardice and insult,
With a more painful shame, will burn thy cheek,
Than now heats mine with anger.

Thalaba the Destroyer. *Southey.*

20. Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!—
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied!
That stood the storm—when waves were rough—
Yet, in a sunny hour fall off;—
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! Love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin;—
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;—
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said,
Till,—fast declining—one by one,
The sweetnesses of Love are gone:—
And hearts so lately mingled seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet—ere it reach the plains below—
Breaks into floods that part forever.

The Light of the Harem. *Moore.*

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21. How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition—
It comes upon me :—art thou *any* thing ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Julius Cæsar, Act IV., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

22. I do mistrust thee, woman ! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly ?
Thou need'st not answer, thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks !
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee ! and beware ;
'Tis not his life alone may claim such care ;
Another word—and—nay—I need no more.
Accursèd was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe—
Now 't is thy lord that warns, deceitful thing !
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing ?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe :
Look to thyself, nor deem thy falsehood safe !

The Corsair, Canto III. *Byron.*

23. What cutting blast ! and he can scarcely crawl :
He freezes as he moves,—he dies if he should fall !
With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet ;
And must a Christian perish in the street,
In sight of Christians ?—There ! at last, he lies,—
Nor, unsupported, can he ever rise.

The Village. *Crabbe.*

24. How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down

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The rate of usance, here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him.

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

25. Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the full Moon ? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
God ! the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye the meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Hymn to Mont Blanc. *Coleridge.*

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LANGUAGE OF THE EMOTIONS AND PASSIONS.

THE following examples, designed to illustrate the more important Emotions and Passions of the mind, have been compiled with much care. They will be found an excellent and profitable review-practice for the student who has gone through the work of the preceding pages with the thoroughness prescribed.

The effective rendering of the passages given calls for the practical application of all the important principles of vocal and physical expression.

While the emotions and passions of the mind usually seek expression in a complex form,—that is, two or more united and blended in their utterance,—there is generally *one* that *predominates* and characterizes the expression.

It is not always an easy matter to determine which the leading emotion or passion is. Hence, this classification must not be regarded as absolute, nor even the best that might be made.

A careful study of the "context" and of the circumstances under which the words were supposed to have been spoken, will greatly aid the pupil in getting a correct conception of the emotion, thought, or passion to be expressed. To facilitate this work, the source of each quotation is cited.

Since different persons (even under similar circumstances) will express their feelings differently, owing

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largely to the differences of temperament, considerable latitude may be allowed for "individuality" in the rendering of many of the following passages:

Abstraction: To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

Admiration: What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Id.*

Adoration: Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee!
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
Sacred Songs. *Moore.*

Advice: Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
* * * * * * *
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
* * * Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.
Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Affection: Rise, my children,
For ye are mine,—mine both,—and in your sweet
And young delight, * * * *
My own lost youth breathes musical!
Richelieu, Act I., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

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Agony: Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh, Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! dead! oh! oh!
Othello, Act V., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Amazement: Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4. *Id.*

Ambition: I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine!
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine!
Parrhasius. *Willis.*

Anger: If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate.
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Othello, Act III., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Anxiety: Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!
Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 2. *Id.*

Apparition: Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!
Macbeth, Act II., Sc. 1. *Id.*

Appeal: Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.
Julius Cæsar, Act III., Sc. 2. *Id*

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Arrogance : I have no brother, I am like no brother :
* * * I am myself alone.
Richard III. [French's Edition], *Act I., Sc.* 3. *Id.*

Assertion : [*Richelieu.*] This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood. I tell you, sir,
That you must pay your debts.

Assent : [*De Mauprat.*] With all my heart,
My lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money ?
Richelieu, Act I., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

Authority : Mark where she stands !—around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church !
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on the head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome !
Id., Act IV., Sc. 2. *Id.*

Awe : Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds ;
Creation sleeps !
Night Thoughts. *Young.*

Braggart : I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by a miracle.
K. Henry IV., Pt. I., Act II., Sc. 4. *Shakespeare.*

Boasting : Ah ! were I younger—by the knightly heart
That beats beneath these priestly robes, I would
Have pastime with these cut-throats !
Richelieu, Act II., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

Caution : Silence ; no more ; go closely in with me,
Much danger do I undergo for thee.
King John, Act IV., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

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Chagrin: Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travel'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?
All for Love, Act I. *Dryden.*

Cogitation: I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course.
Hamlet, Act. II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Courage: "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No!"
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
Lady of the Lake, Canto IV. *Scott.*

Command: The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
Henry V., Act III., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

Contempt: Hence! rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments!
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 1. *Id.*

Defiance: Avaunt! my name is Richelieu—I defy thee!
Richelieu, Act IV., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

Defiant Address: Whence and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of Heaven.
Paradise Lost, Book II. *Milton.*

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Defiant Reply: Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before!

Paradise Lost, Book II. *Milton.*

Derision: What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

Richard III., Act I., Sc. 3. [Play Edition: Arranged by Gibbon.]
Shakespeare.

Despair: He is in the mighty deep. . . . Men are no more. . . . Help! help! he shouts incessantly. Nothing in the horizon, nothing in the sky. He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks; all are deaf. He supplicates the tempest: the impenetrable tempest obeys only the Infinite. . . . He yields to despair, . . . and he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss forever.

Despair. *Victor Hugo.*

Disdain: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Ecstasy: Her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Id.*

Entreaty: Oh father—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora; take her back; she loves thee well.

Dora. *Tennyson.*

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Exclamation: Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Hymn before Sunrise. *Coleridge.*

Expectancy: But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—
* * * * * *. *
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Exultation: Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester—twenty miles away.

Sheridan's Ride. *T. Buchanan Read.*

Fear: Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wished you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man, cheek by jowl with me. Ah, ah, mercy on us! No nearer, pray! Ah!—ah!

Molière.

Gayety: Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the aged it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light!

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Graphic Description: And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed;
Host against host the shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts, an iron tempest, flew,
Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
Triumphing shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery field is dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Iliad, V. *Homer.*

Grief: Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me?
Henry VIII., Act II., Sc. 4. *Shakespeare.*

Horror: O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.
The Dream of Eugene Aram. *Thomas Hood.*

Imagination: Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus!
Or cloy the hungry edge of Appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
King Richard II., Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Impatience: He said he would not ransom Mortimer:
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *"Mortimer!"*

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Nay, I'll have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

K. Henry IV., Pt. I., Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Ingratitude : Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as if this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it? . . . In such a night
To shut me out!

King Lear, Act III., Sc. 4. *Id.*

Jealousy : Why! why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.

Othello, Act III., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

Joy : Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

Intimations of Immortality. *Wordsworth.*

Love : My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Romeo and Juliet. Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Malice : Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!

Henry VI., Pt. II., Act III., Sc. 2. *Id.*

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Melancholy: With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
Ode on the Passions. *Collins.*

Mirth: Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.
L'Allegro, I. *Milton.*

Pathetic Appeal: Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brother, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall!
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care.
Iliad, Book VI. *Homer* [Pope's Tr.]

Perplexity: God knows—I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!
Rip Van Winkle. *Irving.*

Piteous Appeal: Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
The Beggar. *Thomas Moss.*

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Poignant Regret: O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King . . . He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to my enemies.
K. Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Power: Oh, godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth,
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man,
Through a great empire to dispense—withhold—
As the will whispers!
Richelieu, Act I., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

Pride: Ay, every inch a king!
K. Lear, Act IV., Sc. 6. *Shakespeare.*

Remorse: I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame!
Kiss me, my children.
Dora. *Tennyson.*

Reproach: O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan.
Macbeth, Act III., Sc. 4. *Shakespeare.*

Ridicule: Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince pies, and disparage
Their best friend—plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Hudibras. *Butler.*

Sarcasm: Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.
Merchant of Venice, Act I., Sc. 3. *Shakespeare.*

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Scorn: I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
Catiline. *Croly.*

Self-Denunciation: Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to my lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter.
Hamlet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Spirited Action: Now storming fury rose,
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never; arms on armor clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
Of brazen chariots; dire was the noise
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
Paradise Lost, Book VI. *Milton.*

Solicitude: How camest thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Solemnity: All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave

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Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

Thanatopsis. *Bryant.*

Sorrow: O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

The Fire-Worshipers. *Moore.*

Sublimity: Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee,—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

Childe Harold, Canto IV. *Byron.*

Suspicion: Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Julius Cæsar, Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Terror: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 4. *Id.*

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Threat: Dark gamester! . . . .
Lose not a trick!—By this same hour to-morrow
Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!
Richelieu, Act IV., Sc. 2. *Bulwer.*

Tranquillity: One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,—
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
The Light-House. *Moore.*

Trust: For us—whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.
De Profundis. *E. B. Browning.*

Veneration: This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
* * * * * * *
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England!
Richard II., Act II., Sc. 1. *Shakespeare.*

Vindictiveness: Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, *Good morrow.*
Coriolanus, Act III., Sc. 3. *Id.*

Warning: Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!

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For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally !—they bleed !—for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !

Lochiel's Warning. *Campbell.*

Wit: [*Chief Justice.*] Well ! the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

[*Falstaff.*] He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

[*Ch. Just.*] Your means are very slender and your waste great.

[*Fal.*] I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

K. Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Sc. 2. *Shakespeare.*

Woe: O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
. . . Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !

K. Henry VI., Pt. III., Act II., Sc. 5. *Id.*

HINTS TO THE STUDENT OF ELOCUTION.

Study the text of what you read, that you may not be confined too closely to the book.

Never read to others what you do not thoroughly understand.

"Think the *thought*" intently and clearly when reading or speaking.

In description, form in the mind well-defined pictures of the things or scenes described. What you would have others see, you must yourself see; what feel, you must feel.

Read *to*, and not *at* or *over* the audience.

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Cultivate *direct address*. Speak to the individual, not to the multitude.

Regulate the voice to the size of the auditorium. Commence in a low pitch, speaking slowly and distinctly, and gradually elevate the voice without undue effort until conscious of being heard and understood by all in the house. Generally, the larger the auditorium, the higher must be the pitch and the slower the time.

In halls that echo badly, speak slowly, distinctly, and with moderate force, always giving the sound time to return. You can neither run away from echo nor beat it back. As your shadow, it will follow at your heels, and like a hungry wolf, howl in your ears.

The experienced speaker can judge of the ability of his voice to reach the more distant points, by the degree of exertion required to fill the auditorium; and he may estimate the interest of his hearers, by the degree of attention given.

In the use of the voice, let the rule be, *economy*, consistent with *efficiency*.

Endeavor to *liberate* as well as *develop*.

Do not seek for power in the *throat*, but in the *diaphragm* and the abdominal muscles. The respiratory muscles are the "handles" to the "voice-bellows," and upon them the speaker should depend for power.

The directions given in the division on "Voice Culture," may be repeated with emphasis here: *Speak* THROUGH *the throat—not with it*,—letting the tone lay hold of the throat, and not the throat hold of the tone.

Do not let "the vowels swallow up the consonants."

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The vowel elements of speech are the soul of language; the consonants, the intellect. The former are the vehicles of emotion; the latter, of thought.

"Raftered by firm-laid consonants; windowed by opening vowels."

Upon the vowels depend the musical and carrying qualities of the voice; upon the consonants, distinctness.

The voice should be allowed to "play around the middle pitch," modulating with freedom above and below this line as a common level.

Form the tone well forward in the mouth, giving a generous separation of the teeth and lips.

Control that unruly member, the tongue, by letting it lie flat in the lower jaw when not in use.

Do not "mouth" the words, "as many of our players" and other speakers do, but let them drop from the tongue and lips like new coin from the mint, each worth the amount stamped on the face. And, when the language or occasion calls for it, let the words roll from the tongue, like the waters down the rocky gorge, in a torrent terrible and strong, or burst from the mouth like shot from the cannon, thundering and crashing their way into the mind and heart of the hearer.

Do not *practice* before an audience. The practice should precede the public effort.

Be the *master* of details, not their *slave*. "Genius is the art of taking great pains."

Have the mind occupied by the *matter*, not the *manner*. He who labors for words, either in recitation or in oratory, speaks at a disadvantage. *Facile thought*,

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facile speech. Goethe says,—He only is master of his art who can do it playfully.

From mental poise or self-possession, come vocal poise and physical freedom. Natural respiration, an easy and free attitude, grace of movement, and a calm, clear, and well-balanced mind, are some of the conditions essential to success in oratory.

The province of elocution, is to clear away the obstructions and open up the channels through which thought and feeling, by means of Voice and Action, seek to express themselves.

Let your aim be to create—not to imitate.

> "One good thought,
> But known to be thine own,
> Is better than a thousand, gleaned
> From fields by others sown."

Do not speak the lungs empty, but keep them comfortably filled. Acquire the habit of taking in a little breath at the short pauses, as well as at the long.

Quintilian says,—"It is useful to get by heart, what is designed for the exercise of the voice." Thorough memorization facilitates fluency of speech.

Daily physical and vocal exercises are essential to the best and quickest results in the study of elocution.

More fail from lack of study than from lack of talent. The student of ordinary ability, with industry, will succeed where the indolent genius (and geniuses are proverbially lazy) will fail. Even serious impediments in speech are not serious impediments to success where there is indomitable will and perseverance. Demosthenes, Jack Curran, Canon Kingsley, and a host of others could be mentioned, who were not more dis-

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tinguished for their attainments in oratory, than they were remarkable for the physical and vocal defects they were required to overcome.

For strengthening the lungs, the following is a good exercise : Let one person whisper a sentence in abrupt stress to another person a short distance away. If heard, let the person so addressed whisper it back. From day to day, increase the distance. If the exercise rasps the throat or causes much fatigue, stop and rest. No exercise should be carried to excess.

Do not use the voice soon after eating.

Avoid vigorous vocal exercises when suffering from a cold.

Hot and very cold drinks are injurious.

Tobacco and alcoholic liquors are also detrimental to the voice.

Let your motto be, Temperance in all things.

Never force the voice beyond its normal strength.

A frequent change of pitch and force in speaking is restful,—to speaker and hearer alike.

Avoid the more vigorous exercises of the gymnasium.

Any physical exercise that puts you "out of breath" is bad. Practice, mostly, those movements that are accompanied with grace. Such exercises, if given with energy, will develop strength as well.

Avoid over-heated, damp, and dusty rooms. Bad ventilation is as ruinous to the voice as to the health. Seek fresh air, but not *draughts*.

Take plenty of outdoor exercise,—look upon the bright side of things—practice the "Laughing Exer-

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cise," *in earnest*—be not annoyed at trifles – work, not worry—wait not for opportunity, but make it—what you understand, endeavor to do well; if you fail, "forget the Past in the reformation of the Future,"—shun shams and charlatans—encourage modesty and worth —be self-reliant, but not conceited, remembering that others know something as well as yourself, and that none know it all,—climb to position on Merit's ladder, that no adverse storms may shake you from your place and purpose—pay heed to these, and many other things that were better *said* than *printed* in an "elocutionary work of dignity" (as is honestly, but facetiously suggested by a friend and critic), and you will be more successful as a student of elocution, and will thank the author for "making the opportunity" for giving these few homely hints, which the strait-jacket of textual composition would not permit.

In conclusion, I would commend to the student, as a fitting climax of all elocutionary instruction, the study of

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I

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would have such a fellow whipped for o'er doing Termagant: it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Advice to Speakers.

Be brief, be pointed; let your matter stand
Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand:
Spend not your words on trifles, but condense;
Strike with mass of thoughts, not drops of sense;
Press to the close with vigor, once begun,
And leave (how hard the task!) leave off when done.
Who draws a labored length of reasoning out,
Puts straw in lines for winds to whirl about;
Who draws a tedious tale of learning o'er,
Counts but the sands on ocean's boundless shore.

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Victory, if gained, is gained by battles fought;
Not by the numbers, but the forces brought.
What boots success in skirmish or in fray,
If rout or ruin, following, close the day?
What worth a hundred posts, maintained with skill,
If, these all held, the foe is victor still?
He who would win his cause, with power must frame
Points of support, and look with steady aim;
Attack the weak, defend the strong with art,
Strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart:
All scattered fires but end in smoke and noise,—
The scorn of men, the idle play of boys.
Keep, then, this first great precept ever near;
Short be your speech, your matter strong and clear;
Earnest your manner, warm and rich your style,
Severe in taste, yet full of grace the while;
So may you reach the loftiest heights of fame,
And leave, when life is past, a deathless name.

Judge Story.

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PROPERTY OF
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SELECTIONS.

[Several of the following selections have been written and copy-righted specially for Voice Culture and Elocution, and permission has been obtained from authors and publishers for the use of others.

With the exception of a few pieces intended only for class readings and recitations, the selections here given will be found a choice list for parlor, school, and public recitals.]

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[From "Thistle Drift."]

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly;
Doing nothing, sits the chore boy, Billy:
" Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
" Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!

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Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly;
Billy boy is looking very silly:
" Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
" Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry,
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
" Give me credit,
For I did it;

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Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my!
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

BARNYARD MELODIES.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

DELIGHTFUL change from the town's abode,
Is a charming drive on a country road;
From the stifling air of the city's street
To the perfumed air of the daisies sweet.

You halt your team at the farmer's gate,
He comes to open it; while you wait,
Old Rover comes bounding down the hill
In spite of his master's "Rover, be still!"—
His barking shakes his thick shaggy coat,
While these notes roll from his deep-toned throat:—
Bow-wow-wow-wow!
Bow-wow-wow-wow!

On either side the fat hens take leg,
While others announce a new-laid egg,—
Cut-cut-cut—cut-da-cut!
Cut-cut-cut—cut-da-cut!
The rooster, shrill spokesman for the brood,
Says—one-third polite and two-thirds rude:—
I'm Cock-a-doodle-doo!
And who the deuce are you?

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The ducks and drakes have the self-same quack,—
They're just alike, save the curl at the back;
For "*divers*" reasons they go to the pond,
For "*sun-dry*" reasons they strut around,
And waddle off like sailors a-spreeing,
And talk like doctors when disagreeing:—
Quack-quack-quack-quack!
Quack-quack-quack-quack!

The turkey gobbler comes charging round
With ruffled temper and wings aground;
For fear he might his foe overtake
He gives alarm, then puts on the brake:—
Plip-gobble-obble-obble!
Plip-gobble-obble-obble!

The hog in the trough with dirty feet,
The more you give him the more he'll eat;
This gourmand finds nothing to desire
When half asleep in the half-dried mire:—
R-r-r-ough-ff!—r-r-r-ough-ff!
R-r-r-ough-ff—r-r-r-ough-ff!
The sow is teaching her litter of shoats
To speak *hog-latin* with guttural throats:—
Ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee!
Ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee! ugh-ee!

The calf and lamb at distance dispute
The right of bin with the hornèd brute;
Their blat and bleat the hard-headed scorns
Where right and wrong's a question of horns:—
Bah! bah!—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh!
Bah! bah!—Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh!

The barefoot boy, from the tender rows
Of corn, is driving the "pesky crows;"

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He stubs his toe, and they mock his pain;—
He throws a stone and they're off again:—
Caw-caw-caw-caw!
Caw-caw-caw-caw!

From out the meadow the lowing kine,
Treading the buttercups, come in line;
Come with their soft tread through the grass,
Answering the call of the farmer's lass:—
Co' boss! co' boss! co' boss!—moo!
Co' boss! co' boss! co' boss!—moo!

They stand there meekly chewing their cud,
Whacking their sides with a sudden thud
To battle the flies; the swinging tail
Meanwhile drops down in the frothing pail:—
So boss! so boss! so-so-so!
Stand still, Brindle! Heist! so! so!

The king of the herd, imprisoned a-field,
Is hooking the bars, quite loth to yield!
He paws up the earth with muscles tense,
And then, pacing down the long line-fence,
On neighboring chief, with haughty mien
And challenge hoarse, he vents his spleen:—
Mow-ow-ush! mow-ow-ush!
Mow-oo! mow-oo! ow-ush!

The mare knee deep in the clover bed
Caresses her nursing thoroughbred;
The well-fed oxen in stanchions meek;
The plowboy grooming his horses sleek;
They whisk their tails and nip at his back,
While down the curry-comb comes a-whack:
"Whoa, Dan! you rascal, stand still!
Cxh! cxh! cxh! Gee up thar, Bill!"

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The barn well filled with the bursting sheaves;
The swallows twittering 'neath the eaves
Their song of plenty. The farmer's heart,
Like his barn, is full!—While he walks apart
And chants his thankfulness as he goes
By whistling the only tune he knows:—
"*Yankee Doodle!*"

[Goes off whistling.]

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

JOHN MAYNARD stood at the steamer's wheel;
A common sailor, but true as steel.
Looking for heroes, you'd pass him by
Unless you happened to catch his eye,
That lens of the soul where one looks through
To find if, or not, a man will do
To leave at a post when danger is rife,
And stand there firm at the cost of his life,—
And then you'll agree, with Captain "Dan,"
That rough John Maynard was just the man.

Lake Erie was calm, the sky was clear:
The steamer sped, as the fallow deer
Darts through the grass on the prairie old.
'Twas life on deck, but death in the hold.
Little the joyful passengers knew,
As song rolled out o'er the water blue,
The echo sent back from the distant shore
Was grief's *applause* and death's *encore*.

The captain stood by the engineer;
His face turned pale with a sudden fear:
A burst of smoke—no need to inquire,
That crackling noise—"The steamer's on fire!"

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Full quickly now his firm orders came:
"Do all you can to keep back the flame!
Give all the steam the engine will stand:
Our only hope is to make for land.

"John Maynard!" "*Ay, ay!*" "To the nearest shore!
Stand firm by the wheel as never before!
The steamer's afire! On you I depend
To save these souls!—Will you stand to the end?"
"*Aye, aye, sir!*" John's words were ever few—
'Tis always the case with men that *do*.

And still the captain's commands came loud,
And rang out clear o'er the wailing crowd:
"All passengers out on the for'a'd deck!
We'll do our best to keep it in check,—
Shut passages up, all hatchways close:
Stand by, my good men, and man the hose!"

The passengers rush to the figure-head,
As if in flight from some terrible dread—
Close crowding up where there's little room:
Clinging despair on the neck of doom.

All hands have come up from down below;
Their battle short, a moment or so.
"The engine runs without engineer,"
The captain said, "but some one must steer:
Will you stand firm?" John made no reply:
He would not speak without his "*Ay, ay!*"
He thought of home that held all his joy;
His fond wife holding her bright-eyed boy,
With fat arms clinging to mother's neck,
But ready for romps at his father's beck:

Two loves outweighing the world to him;—
What need to die? 'Twas an easy swim;

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He'd not be missed in the thick, black smoke;—
His hand e'en slipped from the tiller spoke:
" Shall I stand here and give up my life,
And leave to want, my baby and wife,—
Far worse to me than to stand and burn? "
But some voice whispered: "*'Tis now your turn.*"
Through rifts in the smoke those faces plead;
He thinks of *Him* once willing to bleed;
The voice of the captain pleads once more:
" Will you stand firm till we reach the shore? "
All, breathless, wait his final reply—
It comes at last, *sailor-like*: "*Ay, ay!*"

" Be calm! " said the captain, " wail no more!
A hero stands there—yonder the shore;
Have faith in him, though you can't see through
The thick, black smoke, yet he'll *die* for *you!*
There's no greater faith beneath the sky
Than that I place in Maynard's 'ay, ay.'"

Beneath the deck 'twas a fiery maze,
Like some great furnace all ablaze;
While hot smoke rose in its awful gloom,
As if to conceal that pilot's doom.
With one spot free where passengers stand,
The fiery demon rushes for land.

The tiller-house like a furnace grew;—
The smoke gives way, as the flames burst through
The upper deck and go roaring aft,
Then slowly creep up against the draft,
Like unbent sails crawling up the mast,
Till pilot house is enveloped at last.

The wheel and engine stop at the shore,
That hero's "*Ay, ay!*"—hushed evermore.

He stood there firm at the heated wheel,
He stood there firm till he felt the keel

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Grate in the sand of the shallow shore—
Till human flesh could stand it no more ;
And falling down on his funeral pyre,
His soul went up in *chariot of fire.*
Jehovah, the Captain, called him on high ;—
John Maynard obeyed with his last "*Ay, ay !*"

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

GEO. W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells !
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer ;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime ;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel ! excel !"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell ;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands ;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here ! come worship here !
In rituals and faith excel !"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well !"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell ;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan :
With God there can be nothing new ;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well ! is well ! is well !"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

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"O, swell, ye purifying waters, swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith:
Oh, swell, ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works, as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell:
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well, do well, do well, do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell,"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven:
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell, farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In rapture rang a cheerful bell:
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life: be just and right.
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all, the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell:

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" Come, all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell! "
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

ALICE CARY.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn-fields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,

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And fair young faces all ablush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn-fields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now;
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

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Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and fa
* * * * * * *
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother (take good heed),
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, Oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade had struck through it.

You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,
Woods and corn-fields and mulberry tree,—
The mother, the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

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THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

WILL CARLETON.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years:
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds linger'd overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There enter'd a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stain'd by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers show'd:

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The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
He is visiting home as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.
For the gray-hair'd colonel they hover'd near
Had been her true friend kind and dear.

* * * * * * *

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipp'd from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitch'd and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.

* * * * * * *

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lash'd the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hew'd fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flash'd from his rider's coal-black eyes:
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They pass'd her in her rapid flight,
They scream'd to her left, they scream'd to her right:

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But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

* * * * * * *

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,—

* * * * * * *

And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.
The startled colonel sprung and press'd
The wife and children to his breast,
And turn'd away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.

* * * * * * *

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laugh'd, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown:
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bow'd, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread:
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen:
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know:
I promis'd my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

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AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

WILLIAM T. ROSS.

WHILE on my return from Europe, about midway of the Atlantic, it was my good fortune to behold a sight of transcendent beauty that few persons have ever seen. Our good ship was under full sail, with a light breeze that bore her lazily along over a gentle sea.

The last rays of a gorgeous sunset had faded from the sky, and darkness closed gently down upon the bosom of the deep. Leaning against the windward taffrail, my mind gradually became wrapped in a meditation born of that profound loneliness with which only night upon the ocean inspires one. The helmsman stood silent at the wheel; the officer paced his lone and measured tread; the lookout reclined lazily near the shrouds, anxiously longing for the "eight bells" that brings relief to a tiresome watch. No sound was heard, save now and then the creak of the cordage, or the occasional sough of the water against the vessel's prow. But the whisperings of these light waves seemed to make the silence even more profound.

Slowly aroused from my reverie, I became conscious of a gentle light that overspread a portion of the eastern sky. A single spot on the horizon grew more golden, and the upper limb of the moon peered above the ocean's edge, followed by the round shield of the full orb that shot her beams across the surface of the silent deep. From our lonely ship to her smiling face lay a tempting highway, paved with shimmering gold.

Just as Luna lifted herself above the horizon, a distant ship, before unseen, sailed calmly and majestically into view, and remained for a moment stamped like a silhouette upon the broad golden surface. It was too grand to be only pretty, too exquisitely beautiful to be merely sublime. For a few moments I stood like one entranced, gazing in silent rapture upon the most wonderful sight that nature ever painted for

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mortal eyes. But while I looked, slowly and silently the vessel moved from off the golden disk, and mysteriously passed into the obscurity whence she came,—like a beautiful picture of the mind that comes we know not whence, and goes we know not where.

Other scenes may fade, the names of old-time friends be forgotten, but never from memory's page shall be erased that beautiful picture of the full moon, so lightly resting upon the ocean's edge, and the ship in full sail covering her disk. Nor shall the recollection ever grow dim of how my heart, in profound gratitude and joy, was lifted from that sublimely radiant sight in nature, up to nature's God.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

MARY LYDIA BOLLES.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate, and fibers tender;
Waving, when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crown'd it.
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild, sweet way,
None ever came to note it day by day.

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Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
O the long, long centuries since that day!
O the agony! O life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

JAMES G. CLARK.

I AM mother of Life, and companion of God,
I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
I fathom all depth and I crown every height;
Within me the globes of the universe roll,
And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
Without me all forms into chaos would fall;
I was under, within, and around, over all,
Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O earth, in those cycles profound,
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,

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And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind.
I nursed you, O earth, ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
And all that appeared of your form or your face
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms,
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms;
I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres,
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast
As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest.
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow and flower,
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold, and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws:
I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
No form is too great or minute for my care,
No place so remote but my presence is there.
I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
From the center of suns to the flowers of the sod,
I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
The ladder of action all spirit must climb
To the clear heights of Love from the lowlands of Time.

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'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done:
Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray,
And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day;
Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
And your forms are absorbed in my currents again;--
But your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life
While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
And bright constellations to vapor return,
And new ones shall rise from the graves of the old,
Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is told.

SHERIFF THORNE.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THAT I should be sheriff, and keep the jail,
And that yonder stately old fellow, you see
Marching across the yard, should be
My prisoner,—well, 'tis a curious tale,
As you'll agree.

For it happens, we've been here once before
Together, and served our time,—although
Not just as you see us now, you know;
When we were younger both by a score
Of years or so.

When I was a wild colt, two-thirds grown,
Too wild for ever a curb or rein,
Playing my tricks till—I needn't explain;--
I got three months at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

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The fodder was mean, and the work was hard,
And work and I could never agree;
And the discipline, well, in short, you see,
'Twas rather a roughish kind of card
That curried me!

A stout steel bracelet about my leg,
A cannon-shot and chain at my feet,
I pounded the stones in the public street,
With a heart crammed full of hate as an egg
Is full of meat.

The school-boys jeered at my prison rig;
And me, if I moved, they used to call
(For I went with a jerk, if I went at all)
A gentleman dancing the Jail-bird Jig,—
At a county ball.

But once, as I sat in the usual place,
On a heap of stones, and hammered away
At the rocks, with a heart as hard as they,
And cursed Macadam and all his race,
There chanced that way,

Sir, the loveliest girl! I don't mean pretty;
But there was that in her troubled eye,
In her sweet, sad glance, as she passed me by,
That seemed like an angel's gentle pity
For such as I.

And, sir, to my soul that pure look gave
Such a thrill as a summer morning brings,
With its twitter and flutter of songs and wings,
To one crouched all night long in a cave
Of venomous things.

Down the broad green street she passed from sight;
But all that day I was under a spell;
And all that night—I remember well—
A pair of eyes made a kind of light
That filled my cell.

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Women can do with us what they will:
'Twas only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

And if in my misery I began
To feel fresh hope and courage stir,—
To turn my back upon things that were,
And my face to the future of a man,—
'Twas all for her.

And that's my story. And as for the lady?
I saw her,—Oh yes,—when I was free,
And thanked her, and—Well, just come with me;
As likely as not, when supper is ready,
She'll pour your tea.

She keeps my house, and I keep the jail;
And the stately old fellow who passed just now
And tipped me that very peculiar bow—
But that is the wonderful part of the tale,
As you'll allow.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me, as I guard him!
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb!)—
Just one of your high-flown, strait-laced men,
Pompous and grim,—

The Great Mogul of our little town!
But while I was struggling to redeem
My youth, he sank in the world's esteem;
My stock went up, while his went down,
Like the ends of a beam.

What fault? 'Twas not one fault alone
That brought him low, but a treacherous train
Of vices, sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

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It seemed, I admit, a sort of treason,
To clip him, and give him the cap and ball,
And that I was his keeper seemed worst of all.
And now, in a word, if you ask the reason
Of this man's fall,—

'Twas a woman again,—is my reply.
And so I said, and I say it still,
That women can do with us what they will:
Strong men they turn with the twirl of an eye,
For good or ill.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

MADGE MORRIS.

DOWN by the side of the Golden Gate
The city stands;
Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait
The walls of land,
Guarding its door as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the king of fate,
And pass through the Golden Gate.
The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed, and laden with precious store;
White-sailed, and laden with precious freight,
The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West,
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun, from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

Down by the side of the Golden Gate—
The door of life,—
Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled, and templed, and marble-towered—
The end of strife.

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The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls.
Oh the sea is so dark, and so deep, and wide!
Will the ships come back from the further side?
"Nay; but there is no further side,"
A voice is whispering across the tide,—
"Time, itself, is a circle vast,
Building the future out of the past;
For the new is old, and the old is new,
And the true is false, and the false is true,
And the West is East, and the East is West,
And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever and ever is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life."

O soul! thy city is standing down
By *its* Golden Gate;
Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the king of fate.
The sea of knowledge so near its door,
Is rolling away to the further shore—
The orient side,—
And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide!
But thy harbor, O Soul! is filled with sails,
Freighted with messages, wonder tales,
From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
Where the gardens of God in the ether lie.
If only the blinded eye could see,
If only the deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead,
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun, from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

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THE HUNCHBACKED SINGER.

"I AM Nicholas Tachinardi, hunchbacked, look you, and a fright.
Caliban himself, 'tis likely, was not a more hideous sight!
Granted. But I come not, friends, to exhibit form or size.
Look not on my shape, good people; lend your *ears* and not your eyes.

"I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer:* Spare me for awhile your din.
Let me try my voice to-night here; keep your jests till I begin.
Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask.
See, I stand before the footlights waiting to begin my task.
If I fail to please, why, curse me; but not before you hear
Thrust me out from the Odeon. Listen, and I've naught to fear."

But the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf and mocked his shape,
Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying "off, presumptuous ape!"
"Off, unsightly, baleful creature, off and quit the insulted stage.
Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Bowing low, pale Tachinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
Burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets,
Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang,
Sang as never soaring tenor e'er behind those footlights sang.
And the hunchback ever after, like a god, was hailed with cries:
"King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

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HOW LOVE CAME FLYING IN AT THE WINDOW.

No, there's no use hunting for a husband. When your time has come, you'll marry. Some is marked out for it, and some isn't. Now, there was Fenella Jackson: you'd hev thought if ever a gal was cut out to make a match, she was. But there she is, an old maid. Pretty and accomplished, engaged four or five times, but 'twasn't to be. And there's Jane Jones, that went out a dress-making for a living, and she's got the richest man in the town. There's no telling; and you can't fix things,—they fix themselves.

My neice, Neptany Ann, she was a widder, and she wasn't left very well off, and she was sort of good-lookin' and not more'n thirty; so she says right out and out, soon as her mourning was off: "I mean to marry again." And her relations they all thought 'twas quite sensible; but nobody proposed.

"I declare, Aunt Milliken," says she, "it's just the funniest thing to me that I've got to set down and take care of myself, when folks that an't no better than I be anyway, step off and settle down. There's Mrs. Flint—lean as a guide-post, married to Squire Becker; and Fanny Jones, she's making her wedding dress; and here am I. What does it mean?"

"It means your time isn't come," says I. "If he's a-coming he'll come, if you go and sit on top of a mountain. You may hunt the world over for your love, and just when you make up your mind you can't find him, he'll come a-flying in at the window."

"He'll have to come in a hurry, if he's coming here," says Neptany, laughing; and just then smash-bang-crash! something came flying through the big bow window: and first we jumped up and shrieked, for what had come through the big bow window was an elderly gentleman with a bald head. He'd had his hat on when he came through, and when we'd picked him up we found he wasn't as much hurt as we should have expected.

Neptany was a master-hand to fix up folks that was sick of

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anything, and she managed beautifully, and I made him a big bowl of boneset tea straight off. And Neptany says to him:

"And now, sir, may I ask how it was you came flying through my window instead of knocking at my door?"

"I didn't fly. I was thrown," says he; "I was riding a horse I didn't know. And the first thing I knew I was over his head."

"Might have killed you," says Neptany.

"Well," says he, "that wouldn't have made much difference. I'm only a miserable old bachelor. What good is a bachelor—lonely, unloved, uncared-for?"—and then he groaned, and I gave him another swig of boneset tea.

"Well," says Neptany Ann, "I've heard old bachelors complain before, but I never pity 'em. It's all their own fault. Why haven't they proposed to some nice, sensible girl, and settled down with a wife? Any man can get married. It's all in his own hands."

When she said that, the old bachelor sat up on the sofa, and brought his fist down on the table with a bang that made the new bowl of boneset I'd jest filled up, slop over.

"It isn't," says he. "I know people think so, but there's many and many a man that wants to get married, and can't. There's a fate against it. Madam, I give you my word of honor that every girl I've ever proposed to has refused me. I'd like to know what's the matter with me."

"Your time hasn't come," says I.

"Such things are mysteries, as my poor dear late husband used to say," says Neptany Ann. She just lugged in his name for a reason she had.

"Ah," says the bachelor, pricking up his ears. "You're a widow, then?" "Yes," says Neptany.

"Now be candid; if I'd said to you, 'Ma'am, here I am; will you have me?' why would you have said no?"

"May be I shouldn't have said 'no,'" said Neptany.

"I'll prove you would," said the old bachelor, getting up from the lounge. "Now, ma'am, here I am. I havn't

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known you long, but you're a very handsome woman, and a good one, I'll bet. I offer you my heart, hand, and fortune. Will you be my wife? Now!"

"But you are only joking, you see," says Neptany.

"No, I'm in earnest. I make you a serious offer. Your friends, the Pimlicoes, may have spoken of me,—Mr. Jobling. Now, will you have me?"

"Yes," said Neptany Ann. "Honestly 'yes'?" says he.

"Honestly 'yes,'" says Neptany.

I jest sat down on a rocking-chair, and says I:

"What did I say?—hunt the world over for love, and you won't find him, and just as you lock your door he comes flying in at the window."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,—
No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:

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These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

HENRY V. TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

SHAKESPEARE.

RICHARD, Earl of Cambridge, there is your commission;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

* * * * * * *

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

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Belonging to his honor; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop: thou cruel,
Ingrateful savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practic'd on me for thy use?

* * * * *

If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

THE FUNNY STORY.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

It was such a funny story! how I wish you could have heard it;
For it set us all a-laughing from the little to the big;
I'd really like to tell it, but I don't know how to word it,
Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

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If Sally just began it, then Amelia Jane would giggle,
And Mehetabel and Susan try their very broadest grin;
And the infant Zachariah on his mother's lap would wriggle,
And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story, with its cheery snap and crackle,
And Sally always told it with such dramatic art,
That the chickens in the door-yard would begin to "cackle-cackle,"
As if in such a frolic they were anxious to take part.

It was all about a—ha! ha!—and a—ho! ho! ho!—well really,
It is—he! he! he!—I could never begin to tell you half
Of the nonsense there was in it, for I just remember clearly
It began with ha! ha! ha! ha! and it ended with a laugh.

But Sally—she could tell it, looking at us so demurely,
With a woe-begone expression that no actress would despise;
And if you'd never heard it, why, you would imagine, surely,
That you'd need your pocket-handkerchief to wipe your weeping eyes."

When age my hair has silvered, and my step has grown unsteady,
And the nearest to my vision are the scenes of long ago,
I shall see the pretty picture, and the tears will come as ready
As the laugh did, when I used to ha! ha! ha! ha! and—ho! ho! ho!

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

JOHN F. WALLER.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—

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"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There's a form at the casement,—the form of her true-love,—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love.
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps,—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving—
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

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TROUBLE IN THE "AMEN CORNER.'

T. C. HARBAUGH.

'TWAS a stylish congregation, that of Theophrastus Brown,
And its organ was the finest and the biggest in the town,
And the chorus,—all the papers favorably commented on it,
For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyer,
Who persisted every Sabbath-day in singing with the choir;
He was poor, but genteel-looking, and his heart as snow was white,
And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords,
And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words
Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and nearly blind,
And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyer sang too slow,
And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago;
At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine,
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the lecture-room one day
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,
And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer or two,
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

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They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ and the best-dressed choir in town,
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old,—
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;
And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brothers Sharkey, York, and Lamb,
As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm-chair,
And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a voice both cracked and low,
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation,
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation;"

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"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understandin', when we bargained for the chorus,
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singin' for us;
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singin' except that what we've bought!
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;
And so we have decided—are you listenin', Brother Eyer?
That you'll have to stop your singin' for it flurrytates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear,
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David for nearly eighty years,
They've been my staff and comfort and calmed life's many fears;
I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;
But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back the song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,
In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet,—
Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up higher,
If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

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A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;
The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!
Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs
before us,
And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgot,
A few church-goers watched the door: the old man entered
not.
Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sings his heart's
desires,
Where there are no church committees and no fashionable
choirs!

MARION MOORE.

JAS. G. CLARK.

GONE art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the way-side that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on the storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing:
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing;
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore,—
I shall remember, alas! to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

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Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore !—
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone as the rill, to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow ;
O ! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore ?

WORLDLY WISDOM.

ETHEL LYNN.

" Oh, ma, it is dreadful !
I've quarreled with John,
And left him forever
To live all alone.

" He will not go with me
To party or ball ;
At home in the evening,
He won't talk at all.

" He is perfectly horrid,
And stingy and queer ;
I don't want to see him,
Or know he is near."

" Well, Tillie, I told you
The same long ago,
When John was beginning
To act like a beau.

" And you might have married
Old Gunnybags' heir.
'Tis very provoking
For me, I declare !

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"And John is a fogy
And acts like a brute,
To deny you a party
Or opera suit.

"A mean, ugly fellow—"
"Why, ma, I am sure
John never was stingy,
Although he was poor.

"He is always respectful
And clever to you;
So tender and patient,
Whatever I do.

"And now I remember,
He said he would go
To the Madisons' party—
How can you talk so?

"Poor, patient old fellow!
I'm going right back;
I'll tell him I'm sorry,
And then—I'll unpack."

The worldly-wise mother
Looked over at me:
"I know how to manage
Matilda, you see."

THE MIRACLE OF CANA.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

THE water-pots were filled at God's behest;
Yet in the marriage wine no grape was pressed;
No tired feet the weary wine-press trod
To make this sacred vintage of our God;
As nature doth confess a power divine,
Each drop of moisture turned itself to wine.

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In spite of arguments in Jesus met,
The world is full of doubting skeptics yet;
Believing naught but they themselves have seen,
They doubt the miracle of Palestine;
They find the Holy Bible filled with flaws,
And pin their doubting faith to Nature's laws.

Ye scoffers of our sacred Lord, pray tell
Who tinted first the water in the well?
Who painted atmospheric moisture blue?
Or gave the ocean waves their constant hue,
Whose moisture raised in clouds, all colors lack,
The fleecy ones so white, the storm king's black,
Save where the evening sun's bright rays incline
To turn this fleecy moisture into wine,
And lay a benediction on them all
Like purple grapes hung on a golden wall?
'Twas thus our Lord a sacred radiance shed,
Slow turning Cana's water vintage red.

If lilies at His bidding from the soil
Spring up, that neither know to spin nor toil,
In beauty yet more gorgeously arrayed
Than he of old who that great temple made,
Then why may not the gentle evening dew
At God's command take on a ruddy hue?

This whirling, surging world was made by One
Who could have made the wine as rivers run;
Yet put a sweeter nectar in the rills
Fresh rippling from the vintage of the hills.

Watch nature's miracle—when day is dead—
When blushing Helios, his good-night said,
Slow dipping his hot face in cooling brine,
Turns all the ocean billows into wine.

The sun and rain stretch o'er the earth a bow
With tints more beautiful than wine can show,

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A frescoed arch in gorgeous colors seven,—
A bridge, where weak belief may walk to heaven.

Who hath not seen at sunset on the plain
A passing storm-cloud, dropping blood-red rain;
A great libation poured at Nature's shrine,
To fill Sol's golden cup with evening wine?

Since Nature doth such miracles perform,
Why may not He, who makes and rules the storm,
Of all His miracles the first and least,
Tint a few drops for Cana's wedding feast?

The greatest marriage at the end shall be
When time is wedded to eternity!
All bidden are, the greatest and the least,
To taste the wine at heaven's great wedding feast!
Where all the ransomed universe shall sing:
Hosanna! to the Everlasting King!

LUELLA.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

KATE'S at her best in an apron,
Jinny's bewitching by gas,
While Becky, in kitchen or parlor,
Is just the *ne plus* of a lass;
But Katie and Jinny,
With Sadie and Minnie
And Becky and Bella,
Are not—not Luella.

Deb, in the choir of a Sunday,
Sings like a bird in the bough;
Brisk Nan sits a saddle superbly,
And Betty's a charmer, somehow;
But Debby and Nanny,
And Betty and Annie,
And Edna and Stella,
Are not—not Luella.

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Fan is a sylph in a bonnet,
Nett has her dozens undone;
Grave Addy would madden Adonis,
And Caddy is certain to stun;
But Fanny and Addy,
And Netty and Caddy,
And Hetty and Della,
Are not—not Luella.

Clara—the turn of her ankle!
Dolly—her eyes and her smile!
And where is the match for Samantha
(Unless it be Molly) in style?
But Clara and Dolly,
Samantha and Molly,
And Esther and Ella,
Are not—not Luella.

Heavens, what a reign of all graces!
Each is a queen in her way:
And turning it over and over,
There's only a word left to say:
Give me one and another
For this and the other,
But, oh! for a "fellah"—
Luella! Luella!

SMITING THE ROCK.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood;
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold,—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look, and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were known,
The mother convicted, and not the son.

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There was the mother: the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.
Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence-day.

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim;
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he,—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, "game,"
Holding not crime, but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak;
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—
"Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread;

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Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one—"
"Your honor," she cried, "he's my only son!"

The tipstaves grinned at the words she spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cries he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he said:
"We suspend the sentence,—the boy can go;"
And the words were tremulous, forced, and low;
"But say!" and he raised his finger then—
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—Go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said:
"I meant to have given him a year instead.
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."

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SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

FATHER RYAN.

I WALK through the Valley of Silence,—
  Down the deep, voiceless valley,—alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me,—save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago, was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago, I was weary of noises
  That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
  Where I met but the Human,—and Sin.

I walked through the world with the worldly,
  I craved what the world never gave,
And said, "In the world, each ideal,
  That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is thrown on the shore of the Real,
  And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
  And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
  But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
  Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the Human,
  And I mourned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar,
  And heard a voice call me: since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
  That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
  'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine;

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And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
  And above me a voice said, "Be Mine."
Then rose from the depth of my spirit
  An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
  I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
  That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censer,
  Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
  I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
  Till each finds a word for a wing
That to men, like the dove of the Deluge,
  The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
  That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
  That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
  Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,—
  Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
  Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
  Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me that place of the Valley,
  Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
  And God and his Angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
  And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

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MONEY MUSK.

B. F. TAYLOR.

[From "The Old Barn."]

AH, the buxom girls that helped the boys—
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,

By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;

By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,

The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"

The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

MONEY MUSK.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.
He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.

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All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, "*Honor to the ladies!*" All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

D-o-w-n comes the bow on every string,
"*First couple join right hands and swing!*"
As light as any blue-bird's wing,
"*Swing once and a half times round!*"
Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once!
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset!
He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas, for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!
I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe!
You clumsy fellow!" "*Pass below!*"
And the first pair dance apart.
Then "*Forward six!*" advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street,
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet
And Money Musk by heart!

"*Three quarters round your partners swing!*"
"*Across the set!*" The rafters ring,
The girls and boys have taken wing
And have brought their roses out!
'Tis "*Forward six!*" with rustic grace,
Ah, rarer far than—"*Swing to place!*"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace,
They bring the dance about.

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Then clasping hands all—*"Right and left!"*
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in loving weft,
And the Money Musk is done!
Oh, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing dusk,
Good-night for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun!

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

OH, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust—oh! we loved them so!—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

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There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

TOM.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him.

Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,

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"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.

The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice, shrieking his name,
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. Oh, God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet,
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom too—
Yes, *Tom was our dog.*

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THE FROG AND THE FRENCHMAN.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

When the grass comes slowly creeping
O'er the meadows, in good keeping
With the spring,
Then appears the early peeper,
Who, to lull the wanton sleeper,
'Gins to sing.

Formerly, he used to sail
By the motion of his tail,
When pollywog;
But he lost that institution,
In the course of evolution
To the frog.

Such a cunning little fellow,
With his breast a greenish-yellow;
He will go
Tuning up that voice unfailing,
As young roosters, when first tailing,
Try to crow.

On a lily-pad he'll teeter,
And maintain he sings much sweeter
Than a bird;
A canary—the last feather,
Washed away by rainy weather,
Take his word;
So absurd.

When he grows a little sweeter,
Epicurean frog-eater
Always begs
That his deft and agile henchman
Will go catch this tender *Frenchman*,
For his legs.

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So he hies him to the pond,
Or the eddy just beyond,
In the creek,—
Where he finds the full-grown frog
Basking on a cozy log;
Hear him speak:
"Greek meets Greek!
Chug-a-reek!

"I'm suspicious of your nation,
Though I like your conversation:
Parlez-vous;
But if you are not polite, sir,
I'll jump quickly out of sight, sir,
Entre-nous!
Chug-a-roo!

"Do you think, oh, simple sinner,
You will catch a Sunday dinner
With a bug?
Regardez! begin to banter
With 'red rag,' I'm gone *instanter;*
Chug-a-rug!
Chug-a-rug!

"Shrug your shoulders well, *monsieur,*
There's no use to make détour,
I know your game.
I'm content to *parlez-vous,*
If my broken French will do,
But I'll keep an eye on you,
All the same,
Chug-a-rame!

"Like the *Première Danseuse,*
A fat frog is of no use,
Save his limb;

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So like 'sprinter' on his pegs,
I had better stretch my legs,
Nice and trim,
For a swim,
Chug-a-rim!
In the brink
Don't you think?
Chug-a-rink!
Chug-a-rink!
Chug-a-rink!

Were I cooked and on a plate,
You would have a *tête-à-tête*,
'Avec amour,'
With fair lady *vis-à-vis*;
Two is pleasant company,
Always spoiled by number *three*.
So, *Bonjour!*"

"Ze same to you!"
"*Taisez vous!*"
"*Parbleu!*"
"*Chug-a-roo!*
Hu-hu-hoo!"

THE POWER OF HABIT.

J. B. GOUGH.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara River."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?"

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"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! hah! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! hah! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brows! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"

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THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

BYRON.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column, trophied for triumphal show?
None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be,—
How that red rain has made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world hath gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry: and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No;—'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is!—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

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And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albin's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

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Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn the marshaling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array;
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

TEAMSTER JIM.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

It an't jest the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this,
Weth the virtuous matron a frownin' an' chidin' the gigglin' miss,
An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time weth his patient snores,
An' the shocked aleet of the capital stalkin' away through the doors.

But then, it's a story thet happened, an' every word of it's true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things thet we sometimes do.
An' though good society coldly shets its doors onto "Teamster Jim,"
I'm thinkin' ther's lots worse people thet's better known than him.

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I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at the weddin', too;
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter of Ben McGrew.
I mind how they set up housekeepin', two young, poor, happy fools,
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kaintucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented with their little joys an' cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twicet they come in pairs;
Till the house was full of children, weth their shoutin' and playin' and squalls,
An' their singin' and laughin' and cryin' made Bedlam within its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his evenin's at home.
He said it was full of music an' light, an' peace from pit to dome,
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that his heart might be kept from sin—
The stumblin'st prayin'—but heads and hearts used to bow when he'd begin.

So they lived along in that way, the same from day to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work, an' a little time for play,
An' growin' round 'em the sweetest girls and the liveliest, manliest boys,
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned with the homeliest joys.

Eh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're livin' just like I said,
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is dead,

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An' they're honest, an' decent an' happy, an' the very best
Christians I know,
Though I reckon in brilliant comp'ny they'd be voted a leetle
slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time—excuse you? Sure, I'm sorry
I kept you so long;
Good by. Now he looked kind o' bored like, an' I reckon
that I was wrong
To tell such a commonplace story of two such commonplace
lives,
But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight, an' run off
with other men's wives.

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

HOMER GREENE.

BY the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there and he raised my head,
While he closed the path before me,

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And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said,
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me !)

Had he moved aside but a little way,
I could surely then have passed him ;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say,
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us,
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said ;
Oh, the whispering wind around us !)

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling ;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew, at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling.
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said ;
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory !)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry my secret so safely and well
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the soul-speaking lips of my lover ;
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell

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They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover,
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

TELL ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

KNOWLES.

OH, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And thank him that the land was free. 'Twas free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys without asking leave!
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!

How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

On yonder jutting cliff—o'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on!—this is the land of liberty!

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IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
  Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
  If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
  For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
  For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
  Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
  Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
  Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers!
  How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
  Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
  As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
  For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
  Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
  Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
  Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
  Shake their white down in the air.

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Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way.

GRANNAM AND BLUE EYES.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

"How many days since you were a child?"
The blue-eyed boy looked up and smiled—
"Grannam, the days since you were a child?"
"Dear soul, I cannot tell;
Would I had lived them well."

"How many months since you were a child?"
He climbed her knee and sweeter smiled—
"Grannam, the months since you were a child?"
"'Twere wiser far for me
To count the few to be."

"How many years since you were a child?"
Blue as the sky his eyes, so mild—
"Grannam, the years since you were a child?"
"The years are not for me;
God give a-many to thee!"

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Soft did she stroke his pretty brown head,
But not another word she said;
He waited long—not a word she said,
And Blue Eyes slipt, once more,
To his playthings on the floor.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

COATES KINNEY.

WHEN the humid shadows gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years agone,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue:
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

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There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

CROSSING OF THE RUBICON.

KNOWLES.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he had entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? Oh, but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon. What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty

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was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

THE TRAMP AND THE CUR.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

[Written for Voice Culture and Elocution.]

HELLO, ye little wanderin' cur!
Don't be afraid I'll hurt ye, sir!
Let's get acquainted, as it were;
Tell us your name!
What, neither name nor pedigree?
Well, I'm about as bad, you see:
I'm called a tramp; 'twixt you and me
'Tis all the same.

Come here, I'll share my crust with you:
Enough for one's enough for two!
Ye want a friend—and friends are few?
That's just my case.
You're poor and homely, by the by,
And somewhat ragged,—so am I;
And yet, there's somethin' in your eye
That's not so base.

Come right up here, ye little scamp!
I wouldn't hurt ye—I'm a tramp!
Tell me what makes your eye so damp;
Have ye some sorrow?
What, lost your father? Needn't whine!

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And mother too? Well, I've lost mine!
Suppose we lonely orphans dine,
And weep to-morrow!

At this one meal you'll be my guest;
Though plain, 'tis easier to digest!
Dyspepsia never brings unrest
To me nor you.
We'll be companions from this date:
Misery always likes a mate;
And burdens seem to lose their weight
When borne by two.

On velvet cushion by the hearth
Sleeps many a dog not half your worth,
But, since ye are of random birth,
Mankind pass by ye.
Having no way to earn a meal,
You're forced to either starve or steal;
Could they but once your hunger feel,
They'd not deny ye.

Ye have good right as well as they
To get your livin' as ye may,
For man is but a bird of prey,
That lives by plunder:
To rob his fellow man, a creed;
Take from the earth more than his need;—
That he ne'er satisfies his greed
Is more the wonder.

Life is one continual cramp,
To you the cur, to me the tramp,
And others of the self-same stamp
That want our name:
For be they human, be they brute,
Many are in the same pursuit—
To find for work some substitute,—
That's just our aim.

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You never need be friendless more!
Henceforth we'll tramp from door to door,
Divide each day our scanty store:
Quite all we need.
And if no other wealth we find
Than bliss of a contented mind,
The less we'll have to leave behind
For legal greed.

A dog on whom ye may depend
Is better than a faithless friend;
Though pity 'tis man must descend
Fealty to find!
God's noblest oft becomes so base,
And such a blot upon the race
That e'en his dog feels the disgrace
And sneaks behind.

Pray do not cringe, nor yelp, nor whine,
Nor bark too loud when you would dine,
But raise that curly question sign
Behind ye saggin'!
You'll find this maxim never fail:—
Too long a tongue will not prevail;
You'll do more coaxin' with your tail;
So keep it waggin'!

And those soft eyes, my little friend,
Will all your meager wants commend;
And thus by pleadin' at each end
You'll get your dinner!
If one no other crime commits
Than simply livin' by his wits,
'Tis beggin', which the world permits
Both saint and sinner.

Some are with many millions blest;
Some earn so little at their best

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That e'en the Sabbath day of rest
They may not take.
Enough for all is nature's plan,
Yet, in her myriad caravan,
The only miser is the man,
With his muck-rake.

Had circumstance reversed the thing—
Made you a lap-dog, me a king—
Would we have better cause to sing?
Pray look around:
The earth is ours without its care—
The flowers, the sunlight, and the air!
Oft wealth would give one-half its share
To sleep as sound.

He owns the most who wants the least,
And learns contentment from the beast!
The lesser food the better feast;
So let us feed:
Your share of meat and all the bone!
Since friendship only may be shown
For what we are, not what we own,
We're friends indeed!

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the Valley of Death.
Rode the Six Hundred.

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"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.

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Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

PHILLIPS.

If Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind,—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn: and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her

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most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people —nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Through the pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room, with the mob or the levée, wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it,—
  Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
  Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me,
  Down at Newport, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
  At a soirée? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
  With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
  In the darkness of the night.

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Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters,
As they rippled on the shore,
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none was nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy.
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? the deuce you say! Rejected—
You rejected? So was I.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

It is strange what a deal of trouble we take;
What a sacrifice most of us willingly make;
How our lips will smile though our hearts may ache;
How we bend to the ways of the world for the sake
Of its poor and scanty praises;
And Time runs on in such pitiless flow,
That our lives are wasted before we know
What work to finish ere we go
To our long sleep under the daisies.

How often we fall in useless fright;
How often is wrong in the place of right;

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And the end is so far beyond our sight,
'Tis as when one starts on some chase by night
An unknown course pursuing:
And we find at the end of the race that we've run
That of all we have sought for little is won;
And of all of the work our strength has done,
How little was worth the doing.

So most of us travel at very poor speed;
Failing in thought while we conquer in deed,
Least brave in our hour of greatest need,
And making a riddle that few can read,
Of our life and its intricate mazes.
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,
Is it strange that a heart once brave and strong
Should falter at last, and most earnestly long
For a calm sleep under the daisies?

But if one grateful heart can say
"Your kindness cheered my life's rough way,"
And a tear shall fall on our senseless clay,
We will stand up in Heaven in brighter array
Than if all the world rang with our praises;
For the good that is done, it never will fade
Though the work be wrought and the wages paid,
And the lifeless form of the laborer laid
All peacefully under the daisies.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

HOOD.

I REALLY take it very kind—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

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Your daughters, too—what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it, p'rhaps the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see, are home,
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'T was very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)
What! little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby!
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well—
But, though he lives so handy,
He never once drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)
Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go?—next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure.
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)
Good-bye! good-bye! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners—
(Now, David, mind—I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners.)

TELL'S APOSTROPHE TO THE ALPS.

KNOWLES.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear

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A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again !—O sacred forms, how proud you look !
How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are ! How mighty, and how free !
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again !—I call to you
With all my voice !—I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you !
Scaling yonder peak
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss :—his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about ; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot—
'T'was liberty !—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away !

THE DYING KNIGHT.

THE shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance ; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over ! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning—where are they now ? On the bank of yon little stream

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there lies a knight, his life-blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that wells from that deep wound will answer.

It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row leveled when they had crossed their foe's dark line—then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dinted. His helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast—she would shrink but to touch it now who placed it there. Soldier, what will thy mistress say? She will say that the knight died worthily.

Aye, rouse thee, for the fight yet charges in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; saber and yataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corselet:—we came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting; glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge! "Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front!" Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight, hast thou yet a thought? bend it on Heaven! The past is gone; the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon

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gorgeous sky; thy home should be beyond it! Life, honor, love—they pass to Him that gave them. Pride, that came on like ocean's billows—see round thee how it lies mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high-born have no precedence. The strong are powerless; the mean, content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow! but they shall seek thee in vain! Well! thus it is thou shouldst have died! —worth all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee. Death! glory takes out thy sting.

Warrior! aye, the stream of that rill flows cool; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam shall glitter on thy corselet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute! how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! that lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee—no more.

One other charge! Soldier, it may not be. To thy saint and thy lady commend thee! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall! Hark to its long note; sweet is that sound in the ears of the spent and routed foe! The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived; its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath! thou shouldst be the soldier's pillow! Moon! let thy cold light this night fall upon him! But, morning! thy soft dews shall tempt him not! the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps the sleep of honor. His cause was his country's freedom, and her faith. He is dead! The cross of a Christian knight is on his breast; his lips are pressed to his lady's token.

Soldier, farewell!

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LIBERTY AND UNION.

WEBSTER.

WHILE the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEREFORE rejoice, that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

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O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

ELIZA COOK.

DON'T run in debt—never mind, never mind,
If your clothes are all faded and torn;
Fix 'em up, make them do, it is better by far,
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The style of your vest, or your boots or cravat,
If they know you're in debt for the new?

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
In fine clothes, if you know you are in debt,
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,
Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet."

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Good friends, let me beg of you don't run in debt,
If the chairs and the sofa are old;
They will fit your backs better than any new set,
Unless they're paid for—with gold.
If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good-will;
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint,
If the fashions have changed since last season,
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And old Nature we think has some reason.
But just say to your friend, that you cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, and feathers, and flowers,
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man,
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say—
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,
But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more;
'T will fill your wife's cup of sorrow,
To know that a neighbor may call at your door,
With a bill you must settle to-morrow;
O! take my advice—it is good! it is true!
(But, lest you may some of you doubt it,)
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you;
I have tried it and know all about it.

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The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
Its links, all corrosion and rust,
Gild it o'er as you will, it is never of gold;
Then spurn it aside with disgust.

DO IT YOURSELF.

WHY ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let them eat your dinner as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating—he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done.

Do not ask your teacher to parse all the difficult words, or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Never mind, though they look dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from anybody. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy, as he marches to his class! He reads like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up after the first trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder as a superior.

There lies a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater efforts. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.

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POPULAR ELECTIONS.

GEORGE M'DUFFIE.

SIR, if there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy.

Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude and call it peace!" Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people, in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the President, somebody must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the President, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death.

Make the people indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs—the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunt-

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ers of the country. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a President as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show you the very materials for a mob; ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives. They look only to the interest and glory of the country.

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

IN acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

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Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more: for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

Dryden's performances were always hasty—either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather at one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out." [*Blow.*]

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The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon,
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed: she was there again!
On high,
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again." [*Blow.*]

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim:
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."
[*Blow.*]

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a thread:
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."
[*Blow.*]

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air;
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone—
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

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The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar:
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew; [*Blow.*]
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew;

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of night!

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

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LASCA.

F. DESPREZ.

I WANT free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,
The mellay of horns, and hoofs, and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love;
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her girdle a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!

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An inch to the left or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *reboso* about the wound
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip, and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest;
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
That nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!
I spring to my saddle without a word,
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one;
Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,

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Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt;
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise,
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides
Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

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IGNORANCE IN OUR COUNTRY A CRIME.

HORACE MANN.

In all the dungeons of the Old World, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tȳrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer that we, the depositaries of freedom and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust. While, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy amongst us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

There is not a shout sent up by an insane mob, on this side the Atlantic, but it is echoed by a thousand presses and by ten thousand tongues along every mountain and valley, on the other. There is not a conflagration kindled here by the ruthless hand of violence, but its flame glares over all Europe, from horizon to zenith. On each occurrence of a flagitious scene, whether it be an act of turbulence and devastation, or a deed of perfidy or breach of faith, monarchs point them out as fruits of the growth and omens of the fate of republics, and claim for themselves and their heirs a further extension of the lease of despotism.

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us. They implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures. They supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetua-

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tion of the means of human happiness. They beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power.

For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion of our exertions and resources to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth that, in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the State than it is guilt in the perpetrator.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

DELAVIGNE.

ON the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt."
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades;—three days shall decide."
He sails,—but no token of land is in sight;
He sails,—but the day shows no more than the night;—
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping:
"Shall he perish?"—"Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry.
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die."
Ungrateful and blind!—shall the world-linking sea,
He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of a humble adventurer, then;
One day later,—Columbus, the first among men!

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But hush! he is dreaming!—A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now, on his dreaming eye,—rapturous sight!—
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!
O vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes;—a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives and ravage the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too,—Oh, saddest! Oh, mournfulest sight!—
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the up-lifted cross in the red hand of zeal!

Again the dream changes,—Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A People appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest,—they ransack the seas,—
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The plowshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The People, with grateful acclaim,
Look to Washington's guidance, from Washington's fame;—
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.

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Oh, type of true manhood! What scepter or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the Hero, a Sage,
In Freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, the sceptre from kings!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks;
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—he awakes,—
He runs,—yes! behold it!—it blesseth his sight,—
The land! Oh, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
Oh, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne,—
His king will repay all the ills he has known,—
In exchange for a world, what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—with chains!

OUR FOLKS.

ETHEL LYNN.

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt; and tell
A fellow just a thing or two:
You've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there,—
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks:
When you were home,—old comrade say,
Did you see any of our folks?
You did? Shake hands; O, ain't I glad?
For, if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feelin'—
People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;

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But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
  And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie a-field,
  One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them,—when? and where?
  The old man,—is he hearty yet?
And mother,—does she fade at all?
  Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis?—has she grown tall?
  And did you see her friend,—you know
That Annie Moss—
                (How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her?—tell me, Hal,
  A lot of news about our folks.

You saw them in the church,—you say;
  It's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday? No? A funeral? Who?
  Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out;
  What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
  What is the matter with our folks?"

"I said all well, old comrade, true;
  I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms,
  Before the sun goes to the west.
The axe-man Death deals right and left,
  And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—
        Fair Annie blooms no more!
  And that's the matter with your folks.
See, this brown curl was kept for you;
  And this white blossom from her breast;
And here,—your sister Bessie wrote
  A letter telling all the rest.

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Bear up, old friend."
Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper:
"Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."

He turns his back—the only foe
That ever saw it—on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
Then answers he:
"Ah, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.

"I s'pose she must be happy now;
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off,
By being tender, kind, and true;
But maybe not.
She's safe up there;
And when His hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

CROLY.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS:
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right,—let him show proofs,—
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand

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To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there !
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves !
His charge is false ;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

But this I will avow, that I have scorn'd,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong !
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright ; and, for what ?
To fling your offices to every slave !
Vipers ! that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones ;
Fling down your scepters ; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law !

Banish'd from Rome! What's banish'd, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe ?
"Tried and convicted traitor !" Who says this ?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Banish'd ! I thank you for 't ! It breaks my chain !
I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords !
I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities!
But here I stand and scoff you ! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face !
Your Consul's merciful;—for this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline !

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"Traitor!" I go; but, I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake,—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! I will return.

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

LET us try to be happy! We may, if we will,
Find some pleasures in life to o'erbalance the ill;
There was never an evil, if well understood,
But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good.
If we were but as ready to look to the light
As we are to sit moping because it is night,
We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

Let us try to be happy! Some shades of regret
Are sure to hang round, which we cannot forget;
There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow,
And the sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow.

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We must never bid feelings, the purest and best,
Lie blunted and cold in our bosom at rest;
But the deeper our own griefs the greater our need
To try to be happy, lest other hearts bleed.

O, try to be happy! It is not for long
We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song;
If we make the best use of our time that we may,
There is much we can do to enliven the way:
Let us only in earnestness each do our best,
Before God and our conscience, and trust for the rest;
Still taking this truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

HALLECK.

[Marco Bozzaris expired in the very moment of victory, his last words being: "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

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There, had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and souls to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice, as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang the proud hurrah!
And the red field was won;
Then saw, in death, his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals

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That close the pestilence, are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high, and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible!—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But, to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured, in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION.

CLAY.

THE Senate having, in 1834, passed resolutions to the effect that President Jackson had assumed and exercised powers not granted by the Constitution, notice was given of a motion to expunge the same, which motion was taken up and carried in 1837, when the majority of the Senate was of a different party complexion.

WHAT patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging resolution? Can you make that not to be which has been? Can you eradicate from memory and from his-

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tory the fact that, in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts, and to pluck out the deeply-rooted convictions which are there? Or, is it your design merely to stigmatize us? You cannot stigmatize us!

"Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name."

Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the Constitution of our country, your puny efforts are impotent, and we defy all your power!

But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done,—that foul deed, which, like the stain on the hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you; and, like other skillful executioners, do it quickly. And, when you have perpetrated it, go home to the people, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burnt at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defense of the Constitution, and that you have bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases,—snatch from its lawful custody the public purse, command a military detachment to enter the halls of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the Constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom,—but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to lift an opposing voice; that it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled

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and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partisans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance; and, when you have told them this, if the people do not sweep you from your places with their indignation, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen!

THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

BURKE.

"BUT, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America." Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence! which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America—the noble lord tells us—therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his

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cheats on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

HAYNE.

WHAT, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost im-

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penetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

EULOGIUM ON MASSACHUSETTS.

WEBSTER.

SIR, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exists—alienation and distrust—are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia—and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints,

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shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin!

REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

GRATTAN.

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain,

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because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him a fool, because he happens to be chancelor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

PATRICK HENRY.

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

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Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone—it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LIBERTY THE MEED OF INTELLIGENCE.

CALHOUN.

SOCIETY can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. Just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue and patriotism,

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and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man,—instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them—they are high prizes to be won, and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

KELLOGG.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the center of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power;

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and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence, that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can *undo*; what *ye* may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Car-

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thage. The generous people, with loud wailing, and wildly-tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store are as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Woe, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city, thou art doomed!—the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish at her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

"Now, bring forth your tortures! *Slaves!* while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!"

ABSALOM BESS.

SHILLABER.

A BENEVOLENT man was Absalom Bess,—
At each and every tale of distress
He blazed right up like a rocket;

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He felt for all who 'neath poverty's smart
Were doomed to bear life's roughest part,—
He felt for them in his inmost heart,
  But never felt in his pocket.

He didn't know rightly what was meant
By the Bible's promised four hundred per cent.,
  For charity's donation;
But he acted as if he thought railroad stocks,
And bonds secure beneath *earthly* locks,
Were better, with pockets brim full of rocks,
  Than *heavenly* speculation.

Yet all said he was an excellent man;
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor he'd plan,—
  To better them he was willing;
But the oldest one who had heard him pray,
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,
Couldn't remember, exactly, to say
  He had ever given a shilling.

O, an excellent man was Absalom Bess,
And the world threw up its hands to bless
  Whenever his name was mentioned;
But he died one day, he did, and O!
He went right down to the shades below,
Where all are bound, I fear, to go,
  Who are *only* good intentioned.

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